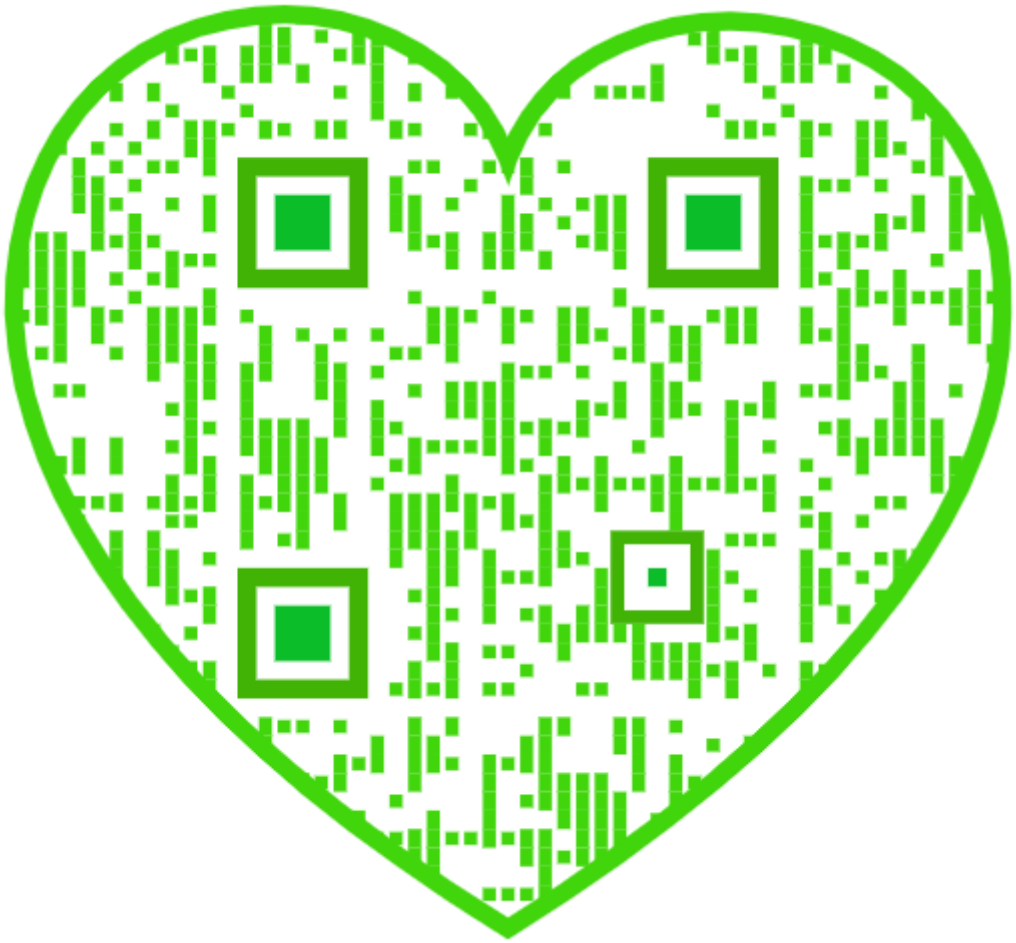

"The art of reading is the art of finding stories in books."

— Hugh Miller.

CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY.

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

THIRD READER

BY

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PREFACE

THE EVERYDAY CLASSICS are a series of school readers based upon a valid principle and a vital need. The principle is that there is a considerable body of good literature, known to all people who know books, and simple enough to be understood and enjoyed by children. Much of it, indeed, is of most value if read in childhood, and retained through life as a permanent influence upon one's attitude towards life. The need for such a series is seen in the fact that many children are put in touch with so little of this common heritage of the race. In the desire to find something new and different, many of the old and approved things have been pushed aside.

A classic is something more easily known than defined. It is not necessarily abstruse, difficult, or remote from common life. It is a piece of literature that has received the approval of good judges for a long enough time to make that approval settled. Like good music, it cannot grow old; it is last year's rag-time that becomes unpleasant, not the good old songs. A classic may be as old as Homer, or as new as Hawthorne; it may be as difficult as Dante, or as simple as Mother Goose. Indeed, a large proportion of the classics of the world are very

simple. In Æsop, and Homer, and the old fairy tales, and many of the great stories of the world, like *Robinson Crusoe*, their simplicity is one of their highest merits.

This series, by its very purpose, rejects "new" material. There is a place for that, but not in this plan. We have chosen what is common, established, almost proverbial; what has become indisputably "classic," what, in brief, every child in the land ought to know, because it is good and because other people know it. And it is well to remember that what is old to us is new to the child. The little pigs that went to market, and Little Red Riding Hood in the woods, are to him fresh creations of the imagination which open the door of an enchanted world.

The educational worth of such material calls for no defense. In an age when the need of socializing and unifying our people is keenly felt, the value of a common stock of knowledge, a common set of ideals, is obvious. A people is best unified by being taught in childhood the best things in its intellectual and moral heritage. Our own heritage is, like our ancestry, composite. Hebrew, Greek, Roman, English, French, and Teutonic elements are blended in our cultural past. We draw freely from all these and retain what suits our composite racial and national spirit. An introduction to the best of this is one of our ways of making good citizens. Not what we *know* only, but what we have *felt* and *enjoyed*, helps to determine what we are.

The THIRD READER of this series is made up largely of folk-literature,—fables, fairy-stories, etc. It includes simple poetry,

like Stevenson's, and some stories that — like Washington and his hatchet — are classic in substance, though not in form.

A book for little people must not be overloaded with pedagogical apparatus. So the editors have supplied only brief lists of words that may be difficult or that need to be noted carefully, and added to them occasionally a definition and usually a phonetic key to the pronunciation. Most of the teaching of the words, however, must be done, as needed, on the teacher's own initiative. A further feature of the book is the short list of simple questions to enable the child to see for himself whether he has really understood the story. Of late years there is an increasing interest in these "reading tests"; we realize that even when the child reads the words aloud correctly, it is by no means certain that he has got the meaning of the selection.

There have been added, also, certain questions leading to further simple activities, as oral or written composition and dramatization. In these and other ways the editors have sought to bring the reading close to the interests and lives of the children.

For special permission to use Eugene Field's "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," and H. C. Bunner's "One, Two, Three," acknowledgment and thanks are here expressed to the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

F. T. B.
A. H. T.

JANUARY, 1917.

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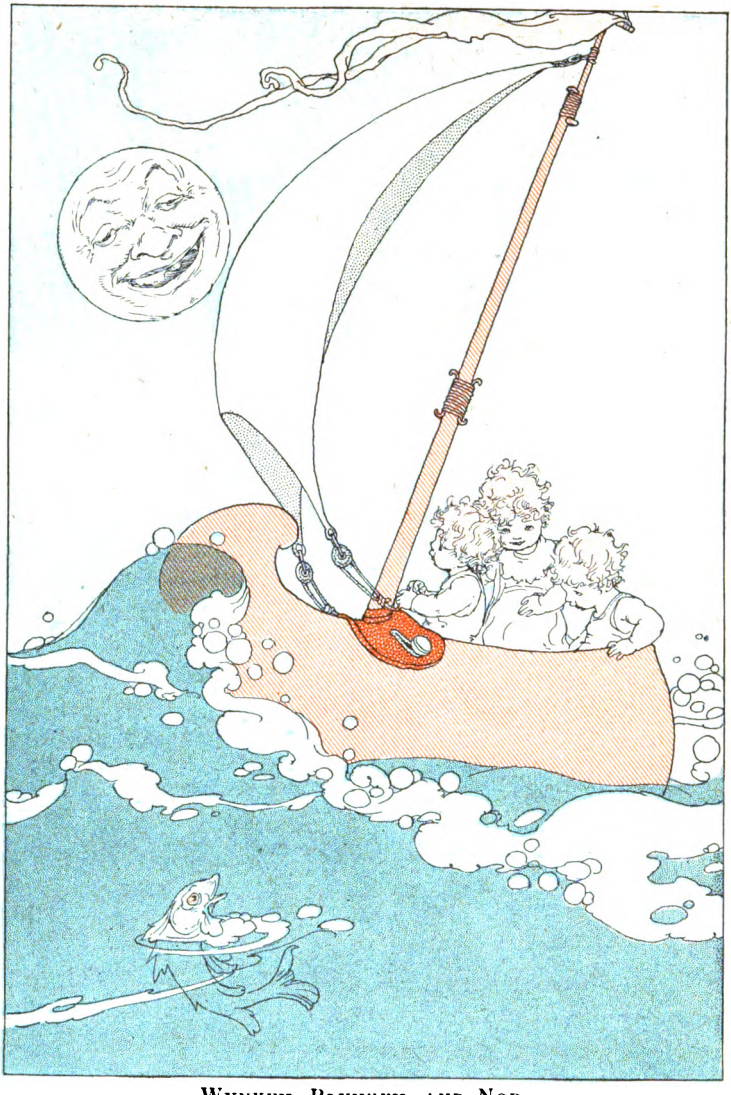
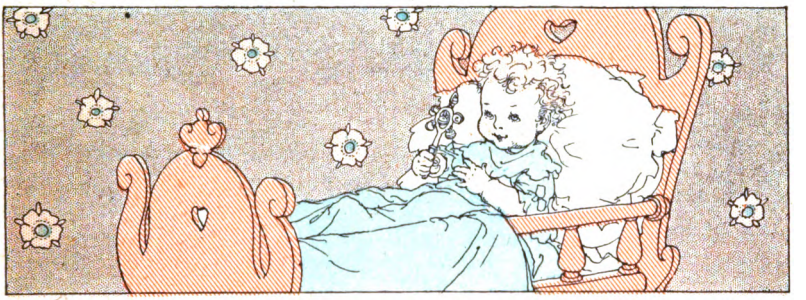


WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

beautiful (bū′tĭ ful)
crystal (kris′tal): clear, like glass
herring (hĕr′rĭng)
ruffled (ruf′fld)
trundle-bed (trun′d'l bed′): a low bed on casters or small wheels so that it could be rolled under a high bed and thus put out of the way. Have you ever seen one? They are seldom made now.
twinkling (twin′klĭng)
wonderful (wun′der ful)

Helps to Study

1. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod: What are they? Read the lines that tell you.

2. Read the poem aloud, enjoying the sound and getting the meaning. 3. Why did they "sail off in a wooden shoe"? 4. Where did they sail? 5. What were the herring fish? 6. Where did you find that it was all a dream? 7. Have you ever had any wonderful dreams? 8. Did they seem real? 9. You might write or tell one of these dreams.

Eugene Field, the author of this poem, was a newspaper man; that is, a man who made his living by writing for the newspapers. He worked in Denver, St. Louis, and other western cities, but mostly in Chicago. So he is always thought of as a western poet. He wrote many things about children and for children. He was fond of children, liked to play with them and to tell them stories, and even liked to have children's toys in his room long after he became a man. You can see from this poem that he knew what things young people like.

There are some of his other poems that you will enjoy: "The Duel," a story of a midnight fight between "a gingham dog" and "a calico cat," who at last "ate each other up"; "Little Boy Blue," who was named after the boy in the old Mother Goose rhyme; "Rock-a-Bye Lady," another sleep-time song, like the one you have just been reading.

FABLES

The story that we read next and a number of those that follow, are the kind that we call fables. Do you know what a fable is? It is a very old story, that has been told over and over again for hundreds of years. It is always short, and, as we say, to the point. It is meant to teach something about people, or to show what people are like. It has what we call "common sense." It shows what it is wise and sensible to do, and what it is foolish to do. Many of the fables teach their lessons by telling of animals that talk and act like men and women — or like boys and girls. The stupid donkey, the tricky fox, the greedy dog, the cruel wolf, the vain crow, the wise ants, the thoughtless grasshopper, the slow tortoise, — all remind us of people we have known. And when these old stories were first told, the people who heard them understood just what they meant.

Most of the fables are said to have been collected by a man called Æsop (pronounced Ē'sop), about twenty-five hundred years ago. That is a great age for a story, is it not? Æsop was a slave. There is a story that once when his master was setting out on a long journey with Æsop and the other slaves, Æsop chose the bread-basket for his load, although it was the heaviest. Do you see why?

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

There was once a young shepherd-boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain near a dark forest. It was rather lonely for him all day, so he thought upon a plan by which he could get a little company and some excitement. He rushed down towards the village calling out, "Wolf, wolf," and the villagers came out to meet him, and some of them stayed with him for a while.

This pleased the boy so much that a few days afterwards he tried the same trick, and again the villagers came to his help.

But shortly after this a wolf actually did come out from the forest, and began to worry the sheep,

and the boy of course cried out, "Wolf, wolf," still louder than before. But this time the villagers, who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again deceiving them, and nobody stirred to come to his help. So the wolf made a good meal off the boy's flock, and when the boy complained, the wise man of the village said: "A liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth."

ÆSOP.

actually (ak′tū al lў)
afterwards (aft′er werdz)
complained (kom plānd′)
considerable (kon sid′er ȧ b'l)
deceiving (dē sēv′ing)
excitement (ek sīt′ment)
mountain (moun′tin)
shepherd (shep′erd)
stirred (sturd)
village (vil′lāj)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In this fable, what is taught? 2. Why did the boy cry "Wolf"? 3. What happened the first time? The second time? The third? 4. What punishment do you suppose the boy got? 5. If you hear someone say, "Oh, he is just crying wolf," what do you think is meant? 6. Do children really ever do such things? Do you know why?

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A dog looking out for its afternoon nap jumped into the manger of an ox and lay there cosily upon the straw. But soon the ox, returning from its afternoon work, came up to the manger and wanted to eat some of the straw. The dog, in a rage at being awakened from its slumber, stood up and barked at the ox, and whenever it came near attempted to bite it. At last the ox had to give up the hope of getting at the straw, and went away muttering, "Ah, people often grudge others what they cannot enjoy themselves."

ÆSOP.

attempted (at temt′ed)
awakened (a wāk′n'd)
cosily (kō′zĭ lў)
grudge (grŭj)
manger (mān′jer): a box or trough out of which a horse or a cow eats its hay or grain
slumber (slum′ber)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. If you hear a person called "a dog in a manger," what do you think is meant? 2. In this story, was it really true that the dog could not enjoy the straw? 3. But he could have slept somewhere else, could he not? 4. Close the book and tell the story.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

One hot summer's day a fox was strolling through an orchard till he came to a bunch of grapes just ripening on a vine which had been trained over a high branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," said he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning around again with a

one, two, three, he jumped up, but with no greater success. Again and again he tried to get the tempting morsel, but at last had to give it up, and walked away with his nose in the air, saying, "I am sure those grapes are sour."

ÆSOP.

morsel (môr'sĕl): a small bit of food
orchard (or'cherd)
quench (kwench)
ripening (rīp'ning)
strolling (strōl'ing): walking slowly
success (suk sĕs')
tempting (temt'ing)
trained (trānd)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where was the fox? 2. What did he see? 3. What did he try to do? 4. What did he say when he failed? 5. We often hear people say, "Oh, that is just sour grapes"; what do they mean by that?

The sly fox often gets the worst of it in the fables. One fable tells how he invited the stork to dinner, and served the soup in a shallow dish, so that the stork, which has a long, pointed bill, could not get much. "All right, Mr. Fox," thought the stork, "I'll pay you up for this pretty trick." So she invited him to dinner and served nothing but soup, which she put in a bottle with a long, narrow neck. How much dinner do you think the fox could get?

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A dog was carrying home a piece of meat. On the way he had to cross a deep stream. As he looked down into the water, he saw what he thought was another dog, carrying another piece of meat bigger than his own. Being a greedy fellow, he dropped his own piece and jumped into the water to get the other dog's piece. His own sank to the bottom, and the water was so deep that he could not dive down to it. So he got only a wetting and a mouthful of water. Then he saw that his greediness had cost him his dinner.

ÆSOP.

bottom (bot′tum)
carrying (kar′rĭ ing)
fellow (fel′lō)
greediness (grēd′i ness)
piece (pēs)
stream (strēm)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was the dog doing? 2. What did he see? 3. What did he do? 4. What luck had he? 5. What do we mean when we say, "Grasp at the shadow, and lose the real thing"?

SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A hare laughed at a tortoise because he moved very slowly. The tortoise said, "I will run a race with you and beat you any day you name."

"Come on," said the hare, "you shall soon see what my feet are made of."

They started off at once. The tortoise went jogging along at a steady pace. The hare thought, of course, he would easily win the race. So he stopped and took a little nap. When he awoke and ran on, he thought he would soon overtake the tortoise.

Meantime the tortoise had jogged on. The hare had overslept. He reached the goal only to see that the tortoise had reached it before him.

ÆSOP.

easily (ēz′i lў)
goal (gōl)
steady (sted′ў)
tortoise (tôr′tis *or* tor′tus): a slow-moving animal of the turtle kind

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the hare laugh at the tortoise? 2. Which won the race? How? 3. Is there any lesson intended for us in this story? 4. Which are you, hare or tortoise?

THE WIND AND THE SUN

The wind and the sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the sun said: "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin."

So the sun retired behind a cloud, and the wind began to blow as hard as it could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak around him, till at last the wind had to give up in despair.

Then the sun came out and shone in all his

glory upon the traveler, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on.

ÆSOP.

cloak (klōk)
closely (klōs'lў)
decide (dē sīd')
despair (dē spâr')
disputing (dis pūt'ing): arguing, quarreling
regarded (rē gard'ed)
retired (rē tīrd')
traveler (trav'el er)
whichever (hwich ev'er)
wrap (răp)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was the argument between the wind and the sun? 2. How did they decide to settle it? 3. What did the wind do? What happened? 4. What did the sun do? What happened? 5. If we say, "More can be done by kindness than by roughness," does that express the meaning of this fable?

Do you know what a proverb is? It is a short saying, intended to teach us some wise and sensible thing. For example, "A penny saved is a penny earned," and "Empty vessels make the most sound," are proverbs. So you see, fables and proverbs are just different ways of saying the same thing. Often a fable and a proverb will just fit each other. Here is a little group of proverbs. See if you can fit any of them to any one of the six fables you have read.

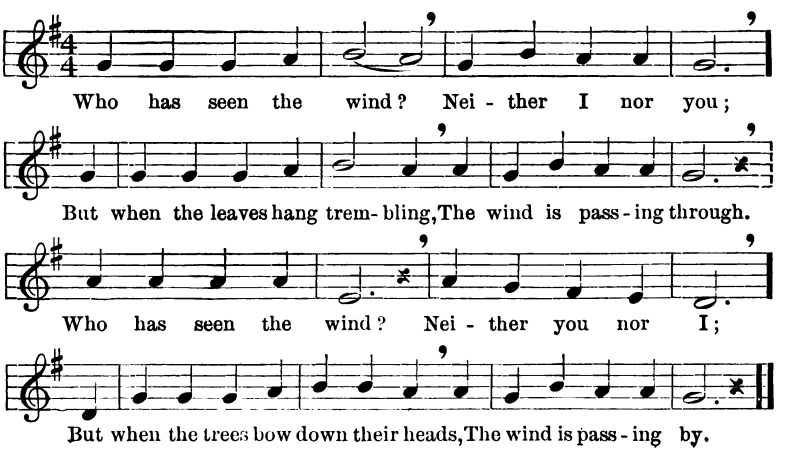
1. Honesty is the best policy. 2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. 3. Kindness is better than force. 4. Slow and steady wins the race.

THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.


Who has seen the wind? Nei - ther I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trem- bling, The wind is pass - ing through.
Who has seen the wind? Nei - ther you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is pass - ing by.

THE LION'S SHARE

The lion once went hunting with a fox, a jackal, and a wolf. At last they caught and killed a stag. Then they sat down to divide the prize. "Divide this stag into four parts," roared the lion. So the other animals skinned it and cut it into four parts. Then the lion took his stand in front of the meat and said: "The first quarter is for me because I am King of Beasts; the second is mine as judge; another share comes to me for my part in the hunt; and as for the fourth quarter, well, as for that, I should like to see which of you will dare to touch it."

"Humph," grumbled the fox as he walked away with his tail between his legs. But he spoke his mind to himself in a low growl: "You may share the labors of the great, but not the reward."

Helps to Study

1. Who went hunting together? 2. Who acted as judge to divide the spoil? 3. How did he make the division? 4. What does the saying, "the lion's share," mean?

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

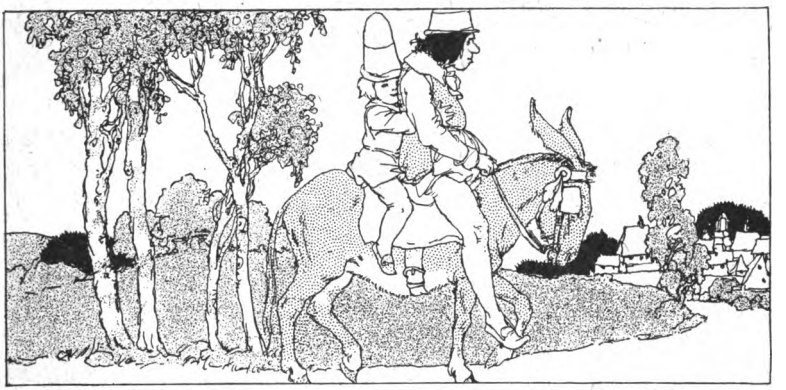
One day a countryman going to the nest of his goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was as heavy as lead and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thoughts, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find — nothing.

ÆSOP.

countryman (kun′trĭ man)
delight (dē līt′)
glittering (glit′ter ing)
heavy (hev′ў)
lead (lĕd)
occurred (ok kurd′)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Sometimes we hear it said, "Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." 2. What does it mean? 3. Can you think of any way in which we "kill the goose"? 4. Did the greedy dog who dropped his meat into the water do something like this?



THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR DONKEY

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they came up to a group of women around a well.

"Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such stupid fellows? They trudge along on foot when they might ride."

The old man heard this and made his son get on the donkey's back, and he walked along by his side.

Presently they met a group of old men.

"There!" said one of them, "this proves what

I was saying. No respect is shown old age in these days. Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young rascal, and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

Upon this the old man made his son dismount, and got up himself. Soon they met some women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several of them at once, "are you not ashamed to ride and make that poor little lad walk? He can hardly keep up with you."

The good-natured miller at once took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, my friend," said a man, "is that donkey your own?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"One would not have thought so from the way you load him," said the other. "Why, you two are better able to carry the poor beast than he is to carry you."

So the miller and his son got off the donkey,

and tied his legs together and hung him on a pole. They took him on their shoulders and marched off over a bridge to the town.

This funny sight brought the people in crowds to laugh at it. The donkey, not liking the noise nor the strange things that were done to him, began to struggle to set himself free. At last he broke the cords, and fell into the river and was drowned.

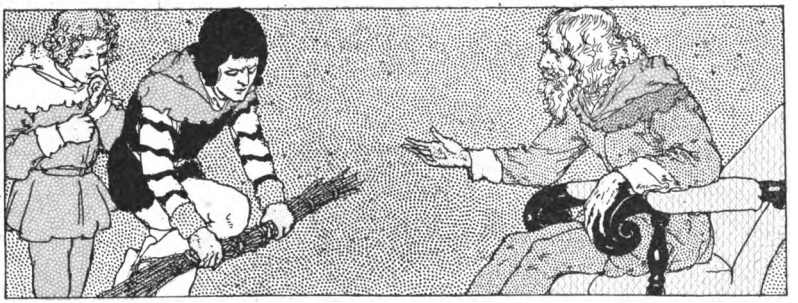
Upon this the old man, angry and ashamed, made the best of his way home again. By trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and had lost his donkey into the bargain.

ÆSOP.

ashamed (a shāmd′)
bargain (bär′gen)
bridge (brĭj)
dismount (dĭs mount′): to get down
donkey (dŏn̲′kў)
drowned (dround)
heard (herd)
pleased (plēzd)
rascal (ras′kal)
respect (rē spekt′)
shoulder (shōl′der)
struggle (strug′gl)
stupid (stū′pid)
trudge (trŭj): to walk slowly
walked (wôkt)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In how many ways did the old man try to please the people? 2. Which sentence in the story tells just what the story means?



THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

There was once a man who had a quarrelsome family. He had tried in many ways to teach them not to quarrel but had failed.

One day he called his sons together. He bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. He tied a strong cord securely around the bundle of sticks. He told his sons, one after the other, to take up the bundle and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain.

Then the father untied the cord and gave his sons the sticks to break, one by one. This they did with the greatest ease.

Then said the father: "You are like the sticks, my sons. As long as you are united,

you are a match for all your enemies. When you quarrel and separate you are easily broken. Union is strength."

ÆSOP.

securely (sē kūr′lў)
separate (sep′a rāt)
united (ūnīt′ed)
quarrel (kwór′rel)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What does this story mean? 2. Which sentence tells us? 3. Is there anything you can think of, in school or at home, which shows the same thing?

Another fable tells how the parts of the body once "went on strike," as we say. The arms, the hands, the legs, all said they would not work. They said the lazy stomach got all the good things to eat, and they had all the work to do. But in the end they had to give in and go back to work. Can you tell why?

Here is a well-known little poem for you to remember:

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
  And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An ass, one day, put on a lion's skin. He roamed about and frightened all the silly animals he met. Seeing a fox, he tried to frighten him also. In order to make sure of scaring the fox badly, he tried to roar like the lion. But the fox heard the voice of the ass. He laughed and said: "I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray. People who play a part that does not belong to them generally give themselves away by overdoing it."

ÆSOP.

frightened (frīt'nd) **roar** (rōr)
roamed (rōmd)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the ass put on the lion's skin? 2. What did the other animals think of him? 3. Who found him out? 4. Do you know any other stories which tell of the shrewdness of the fox? 5. Any which show the fox fooled? 6. Any which point out the silliness of the donkey? 7. When you hear a person spoken of as "an ass in a lion's skin," what do you think it means?

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

A milkmaid was walking along with a pail of milk on her head, and singing merrily as she went. She was thinking of the money which the milk would bring, for she was carrying it to town to sell.

"Let me see," she said to herself, "here are eight quarts of milk, and with the money which I get for it I can buy thirty eggs. From thirty eggs I can safely say that twenty-five chickens

will be hatched. The chickens will be big enough to take to market at Christmas, and they will bring a good price then. They will come to fifteen or twenty dollars, at least, and with that I will buy a new dress and a new hat. Then I will wear them to church, and all the young fellows will want to walk home with me. But I won't look at any of them — no, not I!"

She tossed her head proudly, and the pail, which she had altogether forgotten, tipped over and fell, and all the milk was spilled on the ground.

Æsop.

Helps to Study

1. What is a milkmaid? 2. If you live in the city would you expect to see one? 3. Have you seen the milkman in the city? 4. Is his work the same as the milkmaid's in this story? 5. On what did the milkmaid count? 6. Have you ever thought how easy it would be to make a lot of money? 7. Have you tried it?

Find a fable to fit each of these proverbs:

1. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. 2. In union there is strength. 3. Do not try to please everybody.

THE FOX AND THE CAT

A fox was boasting to a cat of all the clever ways he knew to escape his enemies. "I have a whole bag of tricks," he said, "a hundred ways of escaping my enemies."

"I have only one," said the cat; "but I can manage with that." Just then they heard a pack of hounds coming towards them, and the cat quickly scampered up a tree and hid herself in the branches. "This is my plan," said the cat. "What is yours?" The fox thought first of one way, then of another, and while he was wondering what to do the hounds came up, and the fox was caught and killed. Miss Puss, who had been looking on, said: "Better one safe way than a hundred which you do not use."

boasting (bōst′ing) **enemies** (en′e miz)

Helps to Study

1. What were the cat and the fox talking of? 2. Which one was proud of his cleverness? 3. What danger came near them? 4. What did the cat do? 5. What happened to the fox? 6. What did the cat say?

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

candlelight (kan′dl līt′) **grown-up** (grōn′-up′)

HELPS TO STUDY

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a famous book of poetry for children called *A Child's Garden of Verses.* Do you know the book? This is the first poem in it. Probably you remember other poems from this same book. This one is worth learning by heart. Try it. You will find it very easy to learn.

1. Do you know what it feels like to have to go to bed by day? Do you like it? 2. What does the boy in the poem hate to leave? 3. What does he see, and what does he hear?

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

One day a wolf found a lamb drinking at a brook. The wolf said, "What do you mean by making the water muddy at my spring?"

"Indeed, sir," said the poor frightened lamb, "I did not disturb your spring; it is farther up the stream, and the water does not run that way."

"Well," said the wolf, "you trampled the mud up in my spring last year."

"No, indeed," said the trembling lamb. "I was not born last year."

"Oh, well, if you didn't do it, your father or mother did."

And he gobbled up the poor lamb, — which was just what he had intended to do all the time.

ÆSOP.

disturbed (dis turbd′)
gobbled (gob′bld)
intended (in tend′ed)
trampled (tram′pld)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What excuses did the wolf make? 2. People who mean to do wrong, or who have done wrong, try to find excuses for themselves. Can you remember ever doing so?

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a lion lay sleeping in the forest. Along came a little mouse and began running up and down upon him. This soon woke the lion. He placed his huge paw upon the mouse and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little mouse, "if you forgive me this time, I shall never forget it. I may be able to do you a good turn some of these days. Who knows?" The lion was so tickled at the idea

that the mouse might be able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go.

Some time after this the lion was caught in a trap. The hunters, wishing to carry him alive to the king, tied him to a tree while they went for help to take him away. Just then along came the little mouse again. Seeing the sad fix the lion was in, he went up to him and with his sharp teeth soon cut the ropes that bound him. "Now, was I not right?" said the little mouse.

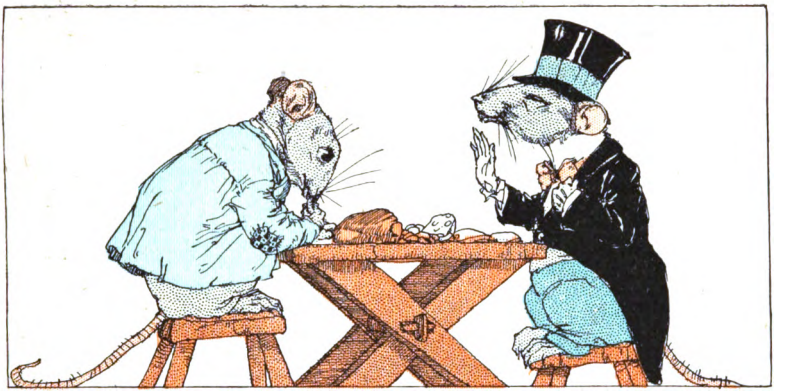
ÆSOP.

caught (kôt)
huge (hūj)
swallow (swol'lo)
tickled (tĭk'ld)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the mouse plead for his life? 2. Why did the lion let him go? 3. Into what trouble did the lion get later? 4. Who helped him out? How? 5. Can you think of any way in which a poor and weak person might help a rich and powerful one? 6. Think of the work of a street cleaner, a porter, a night watchman; how do these men do great services to us all?

7. Try making a little play of this story. There can be a scene between the mouse and the lion; then between the lion and the hunters; and then, at the last, between the lion and the mouse again.



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE

A town mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. This country cousin was rough and ready, but he loved his town friend and made him welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely.

The town mouse turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said: "I cannot see, cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this. But of course you cannot expect anything better in the country. Come with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week, you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life."

No sooner said than done; the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the town mouse's home late at night. "You will want something to eat after our long journey," said the polite town mouse; and he took his friend into the grand dining room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard a great growling and barking in the next room.

"What is that?" said the country mouse.

"It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other.

"Only dogs!" said the country mouse. "I do not like such music at my dinner."

Just then the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper away as fast as they could.

"Good-by, cousin," said the country mouse.

"What! going so soon?" said the other.

"Yes," he replied. "Better beans and bacon in peace than cake and jelly in fear."

ÆSOP.

arrived (ăr rīvd′)
country (kun′trў)
cousin (kuz′n)
fare (fâr)
mastiff (mas′tif): a kind of large and powerful dog
music (mu′zik)
polite (pō līt′)
remains (rē mānz′)
scamper (skam′per)
suddenly (sud′dn lў)
wonder (wun′der)

Helps to Study

1. Which lived the better, the town mouse or the country mouse? 2. Which lived the more safely? 3. Which kind of life did the country mouse prefer? Why? 4. Explain the last sentence of the story.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

In the same field there once lived a number of ants and a grasshopper. All summer long the ants worked hard; they worked all day and every day. They built a house underground, and stored it with food for the winter. And all summer long the grasshopper jumped about the field and sang. He enjoyed living, and he never thought about the future.

When the cold days came, the grasshopper went to the door of the ants' house.

"May I come in and share your food and shelter?" said the grasshopper.

"What did you do all summer?" said the ants.

"I? Why, I sang, of course," said the grasshopper.

"So," said the ants, "you sang while we worked. Now you may dance."

ÆSOP.

enjoyed (en joid′)
field (fēld)
grasshopper (gras′hop′per)
shelter (shel′ter)
underground (un′der ground′)
worked (wurkt)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What did the ants do all summer? 2. What did the grasshopper do? 3. What happened when cold weather came? 4. The ants were rather cruel, were they not? 5. Did the grasshopper deserve what he got?

Here are some lines to remember:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A fox once saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree. "That's for me, as I am a fox," said the fox, and he walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking to-day; how glossy your feathers, how bright your eye! I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does;

let me hear but one song from you that I may greet you as the queen of birds."

Now the crow was much flattered at this praise and, lifting up her head, began to caw her best. But the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox.

"That will do," said he. "That was all I wanted. In exchange for your cheese I will give you a piece of advice for the future: Do not trust flatterers."

ÆSOP.

advice (ad vīs′)
exchange (eks chānj′)
feathers (feth′erz)
flattered (flat′terd)
moment (mō′ment)
surpass (sur pas′)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the fox outwit the crow? 2. Tell whether or not you are sorry for the crow. Why? 3. What name do we have for the crow's weakness?

Here are some more proverbs. Try again to fit them to the group of fables you have just read.

1. A friend in need is a friend indeed. 2. Make hay while the sun shines. 3. He laughs best who laughs last. 4. Experience is the best teacher.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How wonderfully sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,

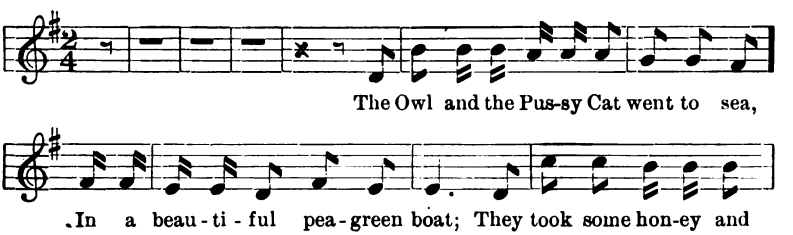
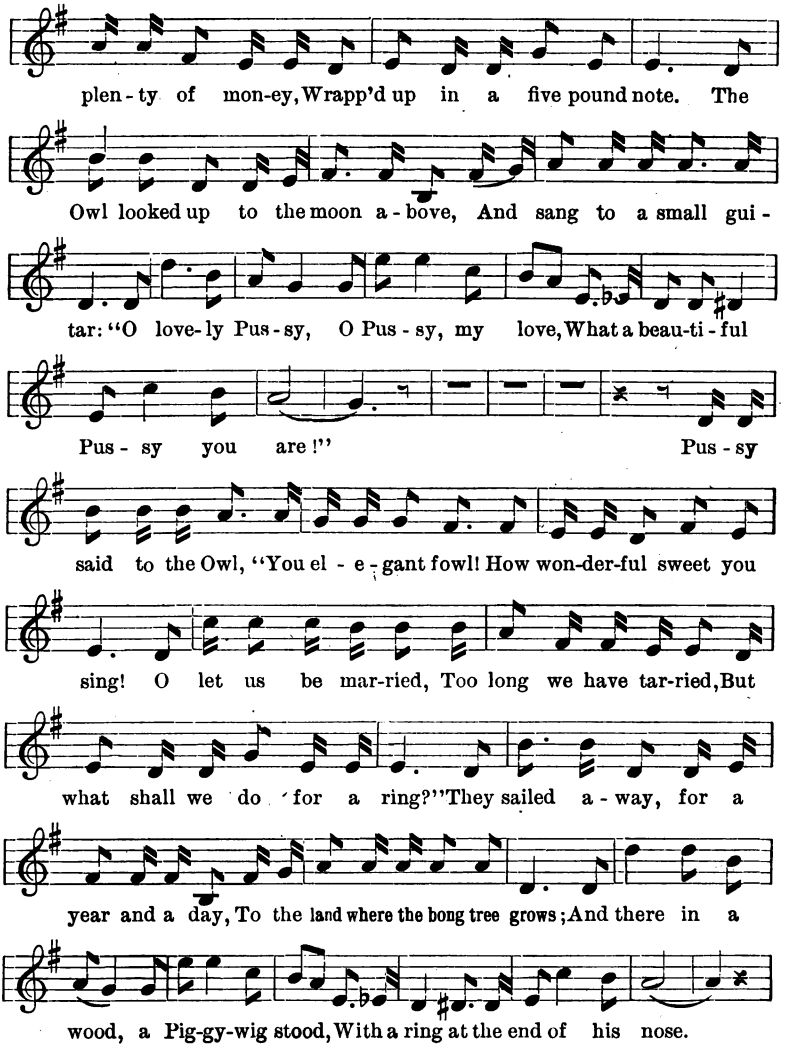
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT WENT TO SEA.

His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

GEORGE INGRAHAM.



plen - ty of mon-ey, Wrapp'd up in a five pound note. The
Owl looked up to the moon a - bove, And sang to a small gui -
tar: "O love - ly Pus - sy, O Pus - sy, my love, What a beau-ti - ful
Pus - sy you are!" Pus - sy
said to the Owl, "You el - e - gant fowl! How won-der-ful sweet you
sing! O let us be mar-ried, Too long we have tar-ried, But
what shall we do for a ring?" They sailed a - way, for a
year and a day, To the land where the bong tree grows; And there in a
wood, a Pig-gy-wig stood, With a ring at the end of his nose.

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elegant (ĕl′e gnt)
guitar (gĭ tar′)
honey (hŭn′ў)
money (mŭn′ў)
quince (kwĭns)
shilling (shĭl′ling) : a silver coin, worth nearly twenty-five cents
turkey (tur′kў)

Helps to Study

A five-pound note : the smallest paper money in England, worth nearly twenty-five dollars.

Bong and **runcible** are of course made-up words ; there are no such things. Have you ever made up nonsense words ? The **ring** on the "piggy-wig's" nose may be just the round end of his nose ; or it may be the little iron ring that farmers sometimes put in pigs' noses to keep them from tearing up roots and grass.

Here we have a pea-green boat to sail in ; the music of a guitar ; a dinner of mince (whatever that is) and quince ; a strutting turkey for a parson to conduct the wedding ; and for a wedding ring the tip of piggy's nose : which of all these things do you like the best ?

This is a famous nonsense rhyme by a famous English writer of nonsense. Because we like fun, we are grateful to him for writing such things.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

This is a very old fairy tale. It comes to us from central Europe, and has been told to children in many ways for many hundred years. It is one of the stories that everybody is expected to know. It is easy to understand and easy to remember.

I

There was once a sweet little girl who was loved by all who knew her. She had an old grandmother who loved her so well that she could not do too much for her. Once she sent her a cloak with a red velvet hood, and the little girl was so pleased with it that she would never wear anything else; and so she was given the name of Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Come here, Red Riding Hood, I want you to go and see your grandmother, and take her a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; for she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets too hot, and do not stop on the way; but do not run or you will fall down and break the bottle, and

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF.

then grandmother will have no wine. Do not forget to say 'good morning' to anyone you may meet on the way."

"I will do just as you tell me," said Red Riding Hood.

Her grandmother lived in the wood, a half hour's walk from the village. When the little girl came to the forest, she met a wolf; but Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf," she said.

"Where are you going so early, Red Riding Hood?" he asked.

"I am going to see my grandmother, sir," she said. "Mother baked yesterday, and she has sent me with a piece of cake and a bottle of wine, for grandmother is weak and ill, and they will do her good."

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

"A long way from here in the wood. Her

house stands near three large oak trees; it is very easy to find," said Red Riding Hood.

Now the wolf thought: "This little girl will be a sweet bite for me, and will taste much nicer than her old grandmother. But she would not make enough for a meal; I must eat them both."

The wolf walked along with Red Riding Hood until they came to a part of the wood which was full of wild flowers. "Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf. "Why don't you stop to rest and pick some of them? Do you hear how sweetly the birds are singing? Why do you walk straight on just as if you were going to school, when all is so bright out here in the woods?"

Then Red Riding Hood looked up, and saw the sun dancing between the leaves, and all the bright flowers in the grass, and she thought, "I am sure grandmother would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers; it is still early, and I shall have plenty of time to pick some."

So she left the path, and went out of her way into the wood to pick the flowers. Each time she

picked one, she saw others even prettier farther on, and she went deeper and deeper into the wood. But the wolf went straight on to the grandmother's cottage and rapped boldly at the door.

"Who's there?" called the grandmother, from her bed in the corner of the room.

"Red Riding Hood, with a cake and some wine in the basket. Open the door!" said the wolf, in as gentle a voice as he could.

"Lift the latch!" cried the old woman. "I am too weak to get up."

So the wolf lifted the latch. The door flew open, and he rushed in, sprang upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her all up at one mouthful. Then he shut the door, put on the old woman's nightdress and nightcap, and lay down in the bed to wait for Red Riding Hood. For the wolf was just as greedy as he was cruel.

bottle (bot't'l)
cottage (kot'tāj)
mouthful (mouth'ful)
prettier (pret'ti er)
straight (strāt)
velvet (vel'vet)
wicked (wik'ed)
yesterday (yes'ter dā)

II

After Red Riding Hood had picked as many flowers as she could carry, she found her way back to the right path, and walked on very fast until she came to her grandmother's house.

As she rapped at the door, the wolf cried out, "Who's there?" His voice was so gruff that little Red Riding Hood was at first afraid, until she thought her grandmother must have a cold.

So she said, "It's little Red Riding Hood; mother has sent you a piece of cake and a bottle of wine."

"Lift up the latch and come in," said the wolf. And Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and went in.

When she saw her grandmother, as she thought, lying in bed, she went right up to her. But she could see only her head, for the wolf had drawn the bedclothes up under his chin, and then pulled the nightcap way down to his eyes.

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"And, grandmother, what great hands you have!"

"The better to hold you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!" cried Red Riding Hood, who had now begun to be afraid.

"The better to eat you!" cried the wolf. And jumping from the bed, he rushed at Red Riding Hood to eat her up.

But she was dreadfully frightened, and she ran out of the house as fast as she could go, with the old wolf after her.

Just then a hunter came through the woods with a gun, and he saw the old wolf chasing little Red Riding Hood.

"Ah, you wicked old sinner!" he cried, "I have found you at last, and now I will shoot you."

So he shot the wolf just in time to save Red Riding Hood from the wicked long teeth. Then

they thought of the old woman, and taking up a pair of scissors, the hunter cut open the stomach of the dead wolf, and helped out the old grandmother, who was still alive. Then they all sat down, and ate up the cake which Red Riding Hood had brought, and the hunter took the little girl safely home.

"Ah," thought Red Riding Hood, "after this, I shall always do as my mother tells me, and I shall never go from the straight path again, not even to pick pretty flowers."

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

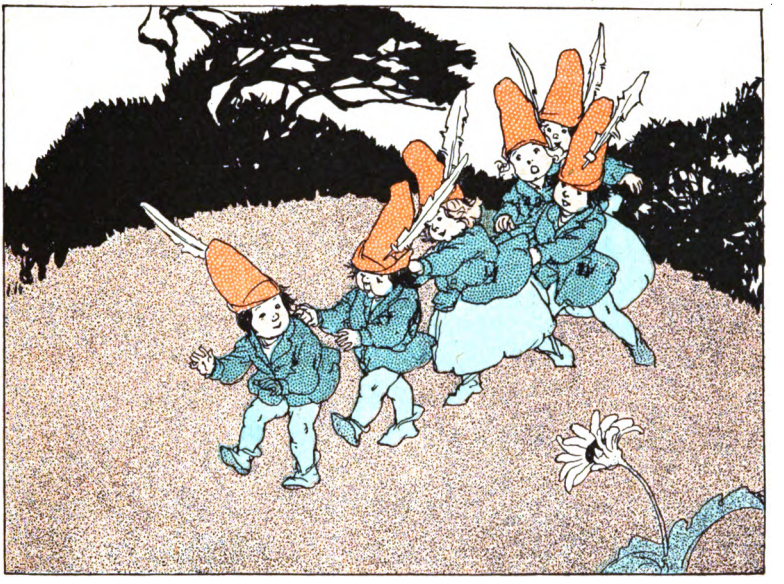
bedclothes (bed′klōthz′)
brought (brôt)
gruff
scissors (siz′zerz)
snored (snōrd)
stomach (stum′ak)

Helps to Study

1. How did Red Riding Hood get the name? 2. On what errand did her mother send her? 3. What caution did she give her? 4. Whom did she meet on the way? 5. What did they say to each other? 6. What did the wolf decide to do?

7. What conversation took place when Red Riding Hood got to her grandmother's house? 8. What happened to her? 9. How were she and her grandmother saved? 10. How can you tell that the story is not really true, that it is told only to please us? Does it seem real to you?

Try making a little play of this story. It will be interesting to act it out. What characters will you have? How will they talk? You can introduce something for the grandmother and the hunter to say, too. How would you dress the little girl and the grandmother? Can you act out the gobbling up of the grandmother by the wolf? Or will you just imagine it?



THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

craggy (krăg′gy̆) : rough and rocky
daring (dâr′ing)
hillside (hil′sīd)
pancakes (pan′kāks′)
pleasure (plezh′ūr)
trooping (troop′ing)
watchdogs (woch′dogz′)

Rushy glen: a valley in which rushes or reeds grow. **Little men**, or little people, was a common name for the fairies; and to come suddenly upon them would make them angry.

HELPS TO STUDY

In the olden times people really believed in fairies — old people as well as young. In some parts of Europe the common people still do. This beautiful poem tells something of what the fairies were supposed to do. Have you seen the play, "Peter Pan"?

1. Where are the fairies? 2. What do they wear? 3. What do they eat? 4. Where is their king? 5. What will they do to any one who digs up their thorn trees?

6. Read the poem aloud to see how it sounds. Which does it sound like, walking or dancing?

CINDERELLA

This is one of the best known fairy tales ever told. Every grown person has heard or read it, and remembers it. Like "Little Red Riding Hood," it is told in different ways in many countries.

I

There was once a rich merchant who took for his second wife the proudest and most disagreeable woman in the land. She had two daughters who were as proud and hateful as herself. The merchant had one little girl who was just like her dead mother, the best woman in the world. Soon after the marriage, the stepmother became jealous of the goodness and beauty of the little girl who was so unlike her own daughters. She gave the girl all the mean work of the house to do, and made her dust and sweep and scrub, while the lazy sisters had nothing to do. She was made to sleep in the attic, with only a bed and a chair in her room, while her stepsisters had fine rooms with mirrors and carpets and soft chairs.

The girl never complained of her hard lot, and was hated all the more for her gentleness and sweetness. When her day's work was done, she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes; so the two sisters called her Cinderella.

Now the king's son gave a ball to which all the best people were invited, and the sisters were very proud to find that they had been asked to go. They spent all their time talking about what they would wear to the ball, and poor Cinderella had to listen to their plans and see the fine clothes that were made for them to wear. And all the while she knew she would never be allowed to go with them.

When the day came for the great ball, Cinderella had to get up very early and begin to get everything ready for her sisters. She waited on them all day, curled their hair, put on their slippers, and dressed them in their fine new clothes. Then when the time came for them to go, she followed them down to the coach that was to take them to the great ball. She was glad that they were invited, but it made her feel

very sad and lonely and miserable to be left behind. So she sat by the kitchen fire and cried.

Now Cinderella was not so much alone after all, for her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared before her and asked her why she was crying. Cinderella told the old woman about the ball that was given by the king's son, and the fairy said:

"Do not cry any more, my child. You, too, shall go to the ball."

And when Cinderella looked down at her torn shoes and ragged clothes, the godmother said:

"Now say nothing, but do just what I tell

you. Go first into the garden and fetch me the largest pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella did as she was bidden, and the fairy scooped out the inside of the pumpkin, and struck it with her wand; immediately it became a splendid coach lined with rose-colored satin.

"Now fetch me the mouse-trap, my dear," said the fairy.

Cinderella brought it. It contained six of the fattest, sleekest mice you ever saw. The fairy opened the trap, and as each mouse ran out she touched it with her wand, and it became a beautiful black horse. Then the godmother took the rat-trap, and let loose a big rat which she at once turned into a coachman; and she took six lizards and made of them six footmen in splendid livery.

"Now, for yourself!" cried the fairy; and with one touch of her wand Cinderella's rags disappeared, and she stood in a dress of satin trimmed with costly gold lace. On her neck and arms were beautiful jewels, and on her feet were silk stockings and the prettiest little glass slippers in the world.

"Go, now," said the godmother, "but remember that if you stay at the ball one moment after midnight, your coach and horses and servants will all become what they were before my wand touched them, and you will be a cinder girl in rags." Cinderella promised to remember what the fairy had said, and rode off in her coach to the ball.

chimney (chim′nў)
disagreeable (dĭs′a grē′a bl)
godmother (god′muth′er): one who selects the name for a child, and agrees to be a sort of second mother to it. We often read of a "fairy godmother."
immediately (im mē′di āt-lў)
jealous (jel′us)
lizard (liz′erd)
merchant (mer′chant)
mirrors (mir′rerz)
miserable (miz′er-a bl)
pumpkin (pump′kin)
wand (wond): a slender rod with magic power

II

The arrival of Cinderella at the ball made a great stir in the palace, for no one knew who the strange princess was. As she passed through the rooms every one said, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" The king's son was as much puzzled

as the rest, and could not keep away from the lovely stranger. He took her in to supper, and danced with her all evening. Even the old king was charmed with the sweetness and beauty of the unknown princess.

Cinderella was very proud and happy, but she did not forget what her fairy godmother had told her; so just before the clock struck twelve she hurried out of the ballroom and into her coach. When she reached home, her coach and horses became what they were at first, and her beautiful clothes changed into her old rags. She herself sat down in the chimney corner and pretended to be half asleep. So when the two sisters came in, they found her there, and they told her all about the ball. They spoke of the beautiful unknown princess, and they told her how anxious the king's son was to find out who the stranger was.

The next night there was another ball at the palace, and the two sisters had some new clothes to wear. As soon as they had left the house, the fairy godmother appeared and dressed Cinderella in still more beautiful clothes than she had worn

the night before. The young prince was so charmed with her that he never left her side, and he tried very hard to find out who she was. When it drew near midnight Cinderella slipped away from the prince, and tried to leave the palace without being seen; but the prince was determined to know who the stranger was. He hurried after Cinderella, and caught her just as she was stepping into her coach. The frightened girl sprang away with a start, but in doing this she dropped one of her little glass slippers.

When the sisters got home they found Cinderella by the kitchen fire, and they told her of the beautiful unknown princess that had been again at the ball, and how the king's son had picked up her glass slipper just as she was driving away.

The next day the whole city was astir with the news that the king's herald was going through the entire kingdom to hunt for the owner of the glass slipper which the prince had found. When the maiden was discovered whose foot exactly fitted the slipper, she would straightway be sought in marriage by the king's son. You can imagine what

CINDERELLA STEPS INTO HER COACH. (73)

a squeezing of feet went on all over the city, for the glass slipper was said to be very small. When the herald came to the house of the merchant, the two sisters were sure that the slipper would fit one of them. But though they squeezed and pinched and pulled their hardest, the slipper would not go on.

"Are these your only daughters?" asked the herald.

"I have one other," replied the stepmother, "but she is only a kitchen girl. The slipper could not fit her."

But the herald commanded that Cinderella be brought out; and he made her try on the glass slipper. To the amazement of all, not only did the slipper fit her perfectly, but she pulled from the pocket of her ragged dress the other glass slipper.

Then as Cinderella stood up, the herald took her hand to lead her to the prince. Her rags were suddenly changed to beautiful clothes, and everyone saw that she was the unknown princess that went to the king's ball. The two sisters, seeing what a grand lady she had become, begged Cin-

derella's pardon for all the unkind things they had done to her; and Cinderella gladly forgave them.

The prince was overjoyed when he learned that his mysterious princess had at last been found, and before many days he and Cinderella were married.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

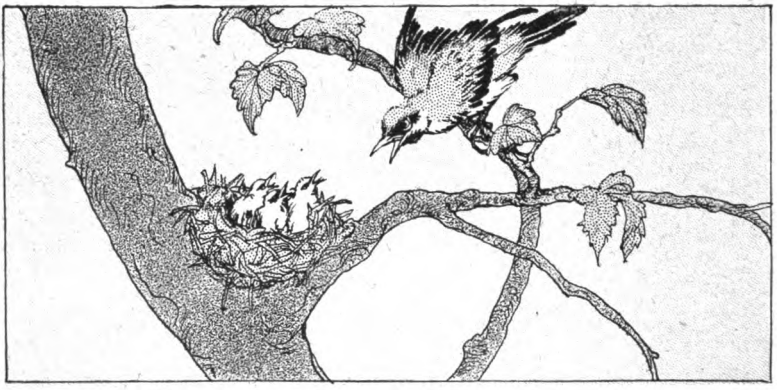
amazement (a-māz′ment): great surprise
anxious (ank′shus)
arrival (ar rīv′al)
charmed (chärmd)
determined (de ter′mind)
discovered (dis kuv′rd)
herald (her′ald)
lovely (luv′lў)
mysterious (mis tē′ri us): strange, unknown
palace (pal′as)
pretended (pre tend′ed)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did her stepmother and stepsisters hate Cinderella? 2. How did they mistreat her? 3. How did she return their bad treatment? 4. Where was the great ball to be held? 5. Who helped Cinderella to go? 6. How was she fitted out?

7. How was she received at the ball? 8. What did the fairy tell her she must remember to do? 9. Why did her sisters not know who she was? 10. How did the prince at last discover her? 11. Does the story end as you wish?

12. Make a play of the story. Who are the characters? What is the first scene? The second? How many scenes are there?



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How is the baby like the bird? 2. Which will have to stay the longer time in the nest?

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

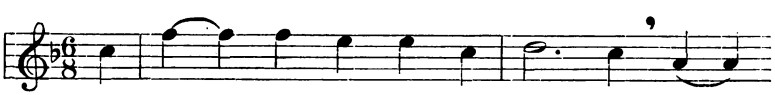
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

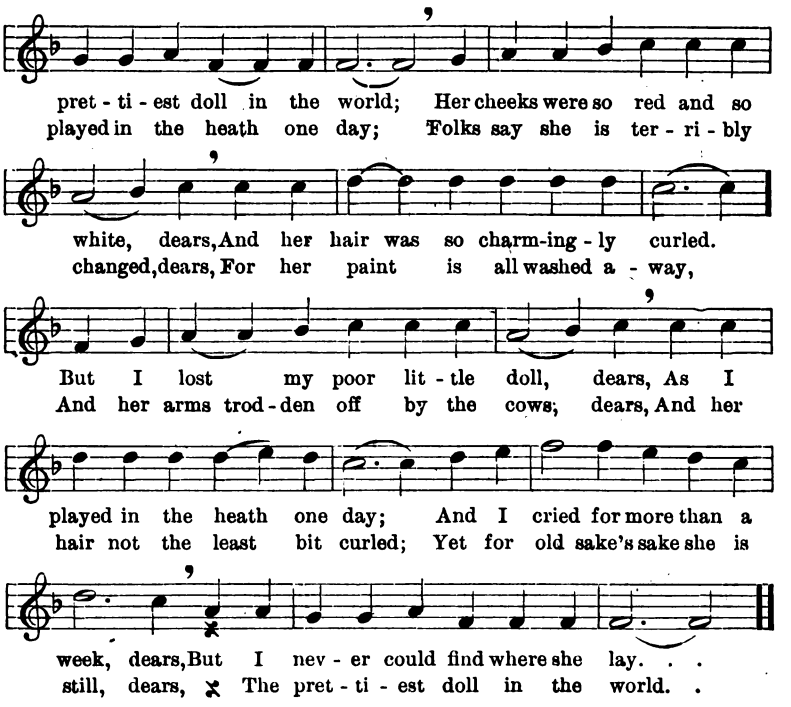
THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

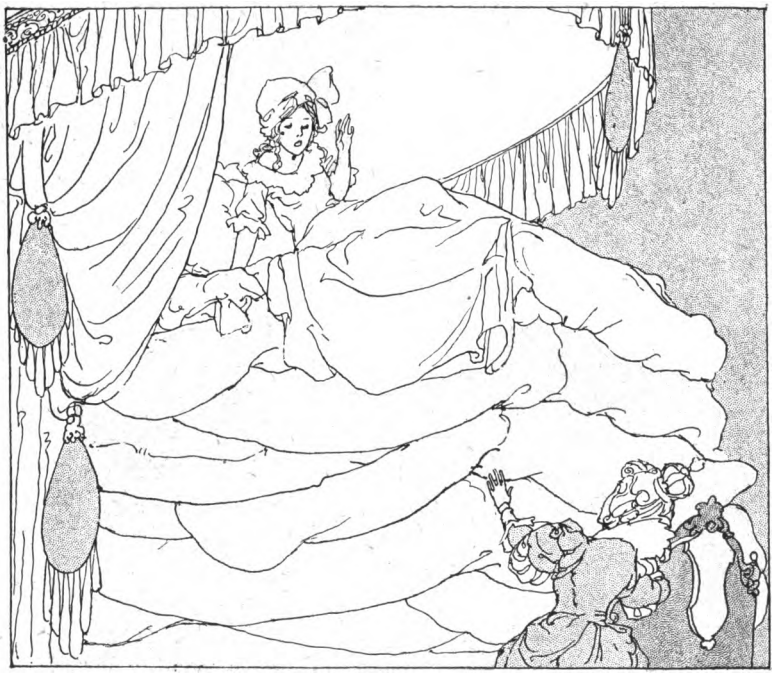



pret - ti - est doll in the world; Her cheeks were so red and so
played in the heath one day; Folks say she is ter - ri - bly
white, dears, And her hair was so charm-ing - ly curled.
changed, dears, For her paint is all washed a - way,
But I lost my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I
And her arms trod - den off by the cows; dears, And her
played in the heath one day; And I cried for more than a
hair not the least bit curled; Yet for old sake's sake she is
week, dears, But I nev - er could find where she lay. . .
still, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the world. .

curled (kurld)
heath (hēth)
terribly (ter′ri blў)
trodden (trod′n)

Helps to Study

1. What was the doll like at first? Read the lines that tell. 2. What happened to it? 3. What was it like when it was found? 4. And why does the little girl still like it? 5. Is it really pretty after all? 6. What do the last two lines really mean?



THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

There was once a prince who wanted to marry a princess; but she must be a real princess. So he traveled about, all through the world, to find a real one; but everywhere there was something in the way. There were princesses enough, but whether they were real princesses he could not quite make out; there was always something that did not seem quite right.

So he came home again, and was quite sad, for he wished so much to have a real princess.

One evening a terrible storm came on. It lightened and thundered, the rain streamed down; it was quite fearful! Then there was a knocking at the town gate, and the old king went out to open it.

It was a princess who stood outside the gate. But, mercy! how she looked, from the rain and the rough weather! The water ran down from her hair and her clothes; it ran out at the points of her shoes, and out at the heels; and yet she declared that she was a real princess.

"Yes, we will soon find that out," thought the old queen. But she said nothing, only went into the bedchamber, took all the bedding off, and put a pea on the bottom of the bedstead; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eider down beds upon the mattresses. On this the princess had to lie all night. In the morning she was asked how she had slept.

"Oh, miserably!" said the princess. "I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. Good-

ness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It was quite dreadful!"

Now they saw that she was a real princess, for, through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdown beds, she had felt the pea. No one but a real princess could be so delicate.

So the prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a true princess; and the pea was put in the museum. It is there now, unless somebody has carried it off.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

declared (de klârd′)
delicate (del′i kāt)
eiderdown (ī′der down): the soft under feathers of the eider duck
knocking (nŏk′ing)
lightened (līt′nd)
mattresses (mat′trĕs ĕz)
museum (mu zē′um)
rough (ruf)
scarcely (skârs′lў)
thundered (thun′derd)
weather (weth′er)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the princess show that she was "the real thing," as we call it? 2. What do we think of the people who always want the best of everything, and who think the finest things are hardly good enough for them? 3. How do you think such people ought to be treated?

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

I

Once upon a time there lived in a cottage near a wood a poor widow. In the garden in front of her house grew two rosebushes, one of which bore white roses and the other red.

Now the widow had two little girls, who were so like the rosebushes that to one she gave the name of Snow-White and to the other that of Rose-Red.

These two little girls were the best children in the world. Snow-White was quiet and gentle. She used to stay at home with her mother, help her about the housework, and read to her after it was done; while Rose-Red liked to run about the fields and look for birds and flowers.

The two children were very fond of each other, and when out walking always went hand in hand. Snow-White would say, "We will never leave each other," while her sister would answer, "No, never so long as we live."

The children often went to the wood to pick

berries. Not a living thing ever did them any harm, for all the animals were quite friendly with them. The little rabbits ate leaves out of their hands; even the deer would not run from them; while the birds sang for them in the trees. Sometimes they would stay in the forest all night, and still their mother knew there was no cause for fear.

One morning, after the sisters had been sleeping all night in a soft bed of moss, they opened their eyes and saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw that they were awake, he smiled at them kindly, and then seemed to go away in a mist. They looked around and found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a dark, deep hole, into which they would surely have fallen had they moved during the night. Their mother said that the child they saw must have been one of the angels who watch over all good children.

The little girls kept their mother's house so neat and clean that there was never a speck of dust to be found. Each morning in summer, Rose-Red

picked fresh flowers to place by her mother's bed. In winter, Snow-White made the fire, filled the teakettle, and placed it over the bright blaze.

In the evening, when the snow was falling and the door closed and locked, Snow-White and Rose-Red would take seats around the fire in the bright little room and knit their stockings, while their mother read to them out of some good book.

One evening there came a rap at the door, and the mother said, "Rose-Red, open the door quickly; some one may be lost in the snow."

So Rose-Red unlocked the door, and in came a great, black bear.

At first they were all very much afraid, until the bear began to speak, and said: "Do not fear; I will not hurt you. I only wish to warm myself by the fire, for my paws are nearly frozen."

"Poor bear," cried the mother, "come and lie down by the fire, but take care not to burn your coat of fur."

Then she called out: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, come here! This is a good bear; he will not hurt you." So they both came up by the fire, and

the bear said, "Dear children, will you please sweep the snow from my fur?"

They took the broom and brushed the bear's fur until it was quite smooth. Then the huge fellow lay down at full length before the warm fire. In a short time the children had lost all fear of him. They jumped upon his back, rolled over him on to the floor, and pulled his thick fur, and the bear did not mind in the least.

When bedtime came, the mother said to him, "You may stay here by the fire all night, if you like, as it is too cold for you to try to go home."

In the morning, when all were up, the two children opened the door, and the bear trotted off into the wood. After this he came every evening, always at the same time. He would lie down in front of the fire, and let the children play with him as much as they pleased. At last they grew so used to him that no one thought of locking the door until the big black bear had come in.

cottage (kot′tāj)
frozen (frō′zn)
stockings (stŏk′ingz)

II

So the winter passed, and the grass began to grow, and the buds began to swell, and the birds began to sing, and spring had come.

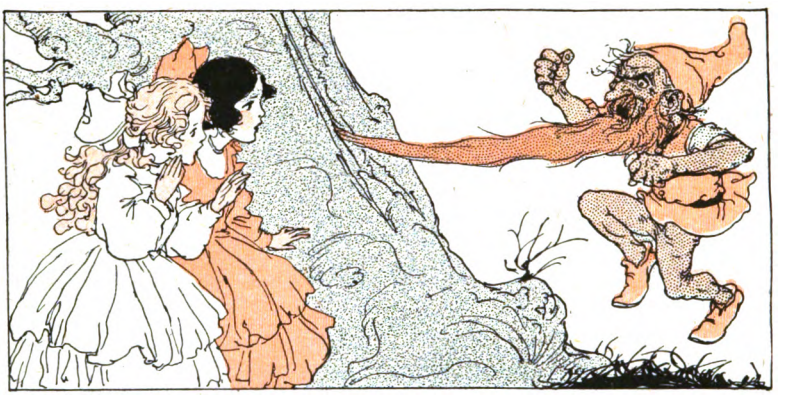
One morning the bear said to Snow-White, "I shall be gone all summer, and you will not see me again until winter comes."

"Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I must go into the forest," he answered, "to hide my gold from those wicked little dwarfs. While winter is here, and the ground is frozen hard, they cannot find it; but when the snow is gone, and the sun has warmed the earth, it is easy for them to dig up my gold. When once they have stolen anything, it is hard to get it back again."

Snow-White felt very sorry when the bear said good-by. As he went out of the door, the latch caught his fur and tore off a piece. Snow-White thought she saw something shine like gold under his skin, but she was not sure, for the bear went away quickly and was soon lost to sight in the forest.

One day the mother sent her children into the forest to pick up wood. While walking along hand in hand, they came upon a large tree which had fallen to the ground. Snow-White thought



she saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk. When they came nearer, they found that a little dwarf with a dried-up face had caught his long beard in a crack of the tree.

The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He looked at the children with his red, fiery eyes, and cried: "What are you standing there for! Why don't you help me out!"

"Poor little man!" said Rose-Red, "how did it happen?"

"You stupid goose!" he cried, "I was trying to split the tree, but as I drove in my ax, it slipped out, and the tree closed so quickly that I caught my long white beard in it. Now why don't you do something?"

In spite of his cross words and ugly looks, the children were willing to help him. They tried to pull out his beard, but the tree held it fast.

"Ah, I know what to do," cried Snow-White. And she quickly took her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the dwarf's beard close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was the ugly fellow free than he caught up a bag of gold which was lying among the roots, and ran off without even thanking the children.

A short time after this, Snow-White and Rose-Red went out to catch some fish for dinner. When they came to the edge of the stream, they saw something like a great grasshopper hopping about on the bank. As they ran up, they found that it was the little old dwarf.

"What is the matter?" asked Rose-Red. "Why are you jumping up and down?"

"Do you think I am a dunce?" he cried. "Don't you see that I have caught a big fish, and that he has almost dragged me into the water?"

Then the children saw that the long beard of the dwarf was tangled in his line, and that the fish had indeed almost dragged him into the water. They caught hold of him and pulled him back just in time. His long beard was so wound up in the line, that, in spite of all they could do, Snow-White had to take out her little scissors and cut it off again. This time only a little piece of the beard was left.

When the dwarf saw this, he was in a great rage. "Why did you cut my beard off so short?" he cried. "Am I to lose all that I have at your hands? I shall not dare to show my face." While he continued to talk in this way, he picked up a bag of pearls, which he had hidden in a tuft of grass, and ran quickly away.

A few days later, the mother sent her two children to town to buy some ribbon and thread.

Their path led across a field, and soon Snow-White saw a large bird flying round and round. At last he dropped to the ground, and at the same time they heard cries and shouts as if someone were being killed. The children ran up to the place and found that a great ugly bird had caught the dwarf in its claws, and was trying to fly away with him. The children did all they could to help the little man, and pulled and tugged so hard, that at last the bird let go and flew off to the wood.

The dwarf at once began to scold and rage. "Why did you hold me so tight?" he cried. "You have pulled my new coat nearly off my back, you ugly children."

Then he picked up his bag of diamonds, and slipped away among the rocks. The little girls did not mind what he said in the least, but went on to the town to buy the things for their mother.

On their way back, as they were crossing the same field, they came again upon the dwarf, who was counting over his diamonds in the shade of a big rock. The diamonds flashed and sparkled

with such beautiful colors that the children could not take their eyes from them.

"Why are you standing there?" cried the dwarf, his face quite red with rage. Just then they heard a growl, and a huge black bear walked in upon them.

The dwarf sprang up in a great fright, but he could not run, for the bear stood right in his way. Then he cried out and began to beg: "Dear Mr. Bear, spare my life! I will give you all my gold, my pearls, and my diamonds, if you will only spare my life. See, I am nothing but a mouthful; but those two fat young girls will make you a good meal. Just eat them instead of me."

The bear, without a word, lifted his great paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The children started to run away, but the bear called out to them: "Snow-White, Rose-Red, don't be afraid! Wait, and I will go home with you."

Then they knew his voice, and stood still; but as he came toward them, lo! what did they see!

THE BEAR WAS A PRINCE!

All at once the bearskin fell off, and out stepped a young man, with beautiful clothes and a smiling face.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of nearly all my gold, changed me into a bear. I have not been able to catch the dwarf and kill him until to-day. His death has set me free at last, and I am glad to be a bear no longer."

Not many years after, Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother. Their mother took the two rosebushes and set them out in the garden of the king's castle, and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

dragged (drăgd)
dwarfs (dwôrfs)
edge (ej)
fiery (fī'er ў)
sparkled (spär'k'ld)
tangled (tang'g'ld)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did the girls in this story get their names? 2. What things show that they were good and happy? 3. How did they treat animals? 4. How did they get on with the black bear?

5. Where did he go in the spring? 6. "Wicked little dwarfs" appear in many fairy tales; what does the bear say about them? 7. What did Snow-White think she saw under the bear's skin? 8. Tell how she found the dwarf caught, and set him free. 9. What were their next two adventures with this dwarf? 10. What did he carry away each time? 11. What happens when the dwarf and the bear meet? 12. What did the bear turn out to be? 13. Do you know any other story of enchantment, in which a person has been changed into the form of an animal?

THE ROSE

The lily has an air,
  And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweetpea a way,
  And the heartsease a face, —
Yet there's nothing like the rose
  When she blows.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

heartsease (harts'ēz): a kind of violet; a pansy

blows (blōz): blooms

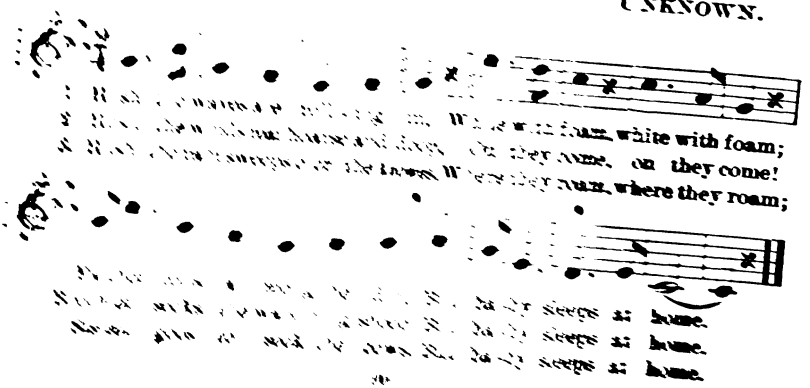
OLD GAELIC LULLABY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home

UNKNOWN.



brother (bruth′er)
hoarse (hōrs)
knowes (nouz): hills
lullaby (lul′a bī): a song to which little children are sung to sleep; it is sometimes called a cradle song.
wandering (wŏn′der ing)

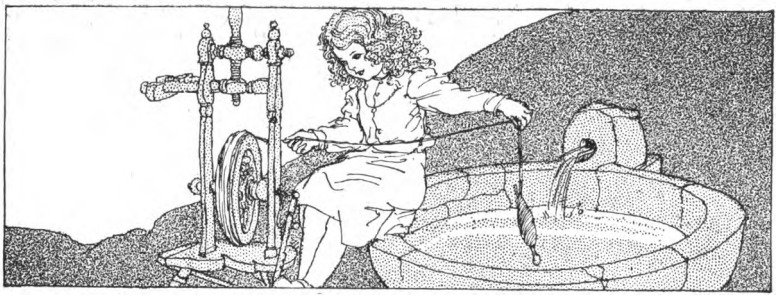
Helps to Study

1. The mother sings to the babe of its father, its brother, its sister. The father is a fisherman or a sailor. 2. Where do you suppose the home is? 3. What is the brother doing? 4. What is the sister doing? 5. This poem is beautiful enough to learn by heart.

Review Questions

Of course we want to remember the good things we read. Here are some questions to test the memory:

1. What were Wynken, Blynken, and Nod? 2. What do we mean by "crying wolf"? by "a dog in the manger"? by "sour grapes"? 3. Recall a story of a greedy dog; of a lion in trouble; of a country mouse in town. 4. Recite the poem, "Bed in Summer." 5. What did the ants say to the cold and hungry grasshopper? 6. How much of "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" can you recite or sing? 7. What did the wolf say to Red Riding Hood when she came into the cottage? 8. Tell the story of Cinderella. 9. What did you read about a Lost Doll? 10. Tell the story about the Princess and the Pea. 11. What part of Snow-White do you like the best?



MOTHER FROST

This is a pretty tale of the olden time. The people who told this story believed, or pretended, that the snowflakes were feathers shaken out of the feather bed of Mother Frost, who lived up in the sky. In this story two girls go to the place where Mother Frost lived.

I

There was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was very beautiful and a great help about the house, while the other was ugly and idle. The mother loved the ugly one best, for she was her own child; and she cared so little for the other daughter that she made her do all of the hard work. Every day the poor girl had to sit beside a spring, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

One day when her spindle was so red with blood that the poor girl could not spin, she tried

to wash it in the water of the spring; but the spindle fell out of her hand and sank to the bottom. With tears in her eyes, she ran and told her stepmother what she had done.

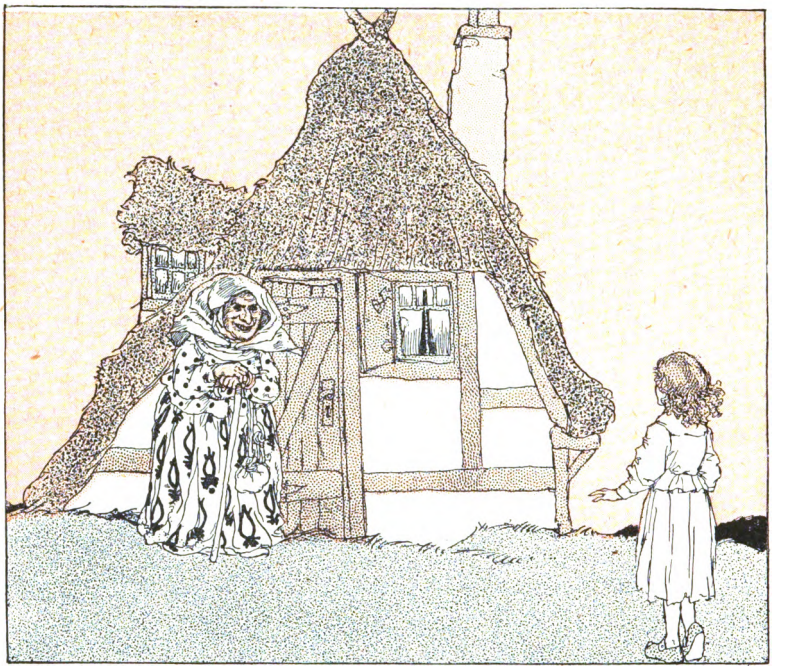
The stepmother scolded her, and was so angry that she said, "Since you have let the spindle fall into the spring, you must go in and get it out."

Then the maiden went back to the spring to look for her spindle. Now she leaned so far over the edge of the spring that she fell in and sank down, down to the very bottom.

When the poor girl first awoke, she could not think what had happened, but as she came to herself, she found that she was in a beautiful field, on which the sun shone brightly and where hundreds of wild flowers grew.

She walked a long way across the field till she came to a baker's oven, full of new bread, and the loaves cried to her, "Oh, pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

"Ah, that would be a pity!" cried the maiden, and stepping up, she pulled all the sweet brown loaves out of the oven.



As she walked along, she soon came to a tree full of apples, and the tree cried: "Shake me! shake me! my apples are all quite ripe."

The kind-hearted girl shook the tree again and again till there was not an apple left on its branches. Then she picked up the apples one by one and piled them in a great heap.

At last she came to a small house. In the door-

way sat an old woman, who had such large teeth that it made the girl feel quite afraid of her, and she turned to run away.

But the old woman cried: "What do you fear, my child? Come in, and live here with me; and if you will do the work about the house, I will be very kind to you. You must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it and pound it, so that the feathers will fly about. Then down in the world they will say that it snows, for I am Mother Frost."

The old woman spoke so kindly that she quite won the little girl's heart; and so she said she would gladly stay and work for her.

The girl did everything well. Each day she shook up the bed until it was soft and nice, so that the feathers might fly down like snowflakes. Her life with Mother Frost was a very happy one; she had plenty to eat and drink, and never once heard an angry word.

After she had stayed a long, long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel lonely, and wished to go home. She was indeed quite home-

sick. She could not help it, though her life with Mother Frost had been very happy.

When she could stand it no longer, she said, "Dear Mother Frost, you have been very kind to me, but I feel in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer; I must go back to my own friends."

"I am pleased to hear you say that you wish to go home," said Mother Frost, "and as you have worked for me so well, I will show you the way myself."

So she took the maiden by the hand and led her to a broad gateway. The gate was open, and as the young girl walked through, a shower of gold fell over her and hung to her clothes, so that she was dressed in gold from head to foot.

"That is your pay for having worked so hard," and as the old woman spoke, she put into the maiden's hand the spindle which had fallen into the spring.

feathers (feth'ers)
oven (ŭv'n)
snowflakes (snō'flāks)
spindle (spin'dl): a part of the old-fashioned spinning wheel

II

Then the great gate was closed, and the girl found herself once more in the world, and not far from her stepmother's house. As she came into the farmyard, a cock on the wall crowed loudly, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our golden lady has come home, I see."

When the stepmother saw the maiden with her golden dress, she treated her kindly; and as soon as the girl had told how the gold had fallen upon her, the mother could hardly wait to have her own ugly child try her luck in the same way.

This time she made the idle daughter go to the spring and spin; but the girl, who wished for riches without working, did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed. So she pricked her finger, and put her hand into the thorn bushes, until at last a few drops of blood stained the spindle. At once she let it drop into the water, and sprang in after it herself.

Just as her sister had done, the ugly girl found herself in a beautiful field, and walked along the same path till she came to the baker's oven.

She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

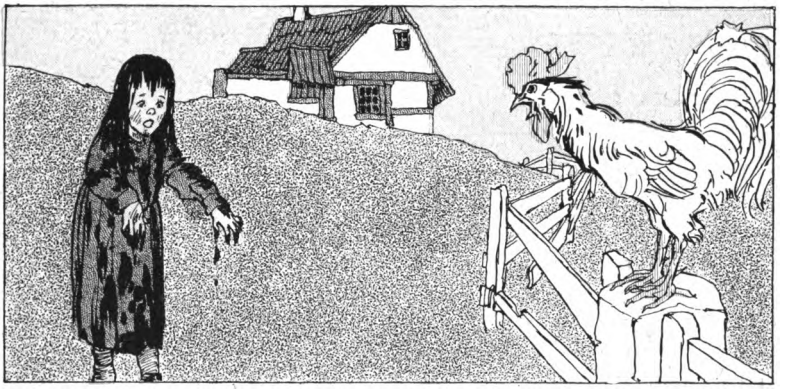
But the lazy girl answered, "I will not do it; I do not want to soil my hands in your dirty oven."

And so she walked on till she came to the apple tree. "Shake me! shake me!" it cried, "for my apples are all quite ripe."

"I will not do it," answered the girl, "for some of your apples might fall on my head." As she spoke, she walked lazily on.

When at last the girl stood before the door of Mother Frost's house, she had no fear of the great teeth, for her sister had told her all about them. So she walked right up to the old woman and offered to be her servant.

For a whole day the girl was very busy, and did everything that she was told to do; but on the second day, she began to be lazy, and on the third day, she was still worse. She would not get up in the morning; the bed was never made or shaken so the feathers could fly about. At last Mother Frost grew quite tired of her, and told her that she must go away.



The lazy girl was indeed glad to go, and thought only of the golden shower which was sure to come when Mother Frost led her to the gate; but as she passed under the gate, a large kettleful of black pitch was upset over her.

"That is what you get for your work," said the old woman, and shut the gate.

So the idle girl walked home all covered with pitch, and as she went into the farmyard, the cock on the wall cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our sticky young lady has come home, I see."

The pitch stuck so fast to the girl's clothes and hair, that, do what she would, as long as she lived, it never came off.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

dirty (der′tў) **lazily** (lā′zi lў)
kettleful (ket′tl ful)

Helps to Study

1. Tell what each of the two daughters was like. 2. How did the mother treat each? 3. Of course stepmothers are often wise and kind; but in this and other fairy stories they are often bad and foolish. 4. How did the good girl happen to go into the spring? 5. Where did she find herself? 6. With what three adventures did she meet? 7. Who, or what, is Mother Frost? 8. What are the feathers from her bed, when they fall to earth? 9. What did the little girl do there? 10. How was she rewarded?

11. What did the stepmother compel the other girl to do? 12. How did she get her finger bloody? 13. What happened to her on the way to Mother Frost's? 14. How did she do her work there? 15. How was she paid?

16. You see that this story is in two parts. Can you think of a name for the first part? For the second part? 17. You see, too, that the story tries to teach something; what is it?

18. A spring is here the place through which these girls enter fairyland. What other things have you read of, or thought of, as a gate to fairyland?

19. This story would make a good play. How many scenes may there be? What people are to be in each scene? What will they say?

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is a national holiday. Do you know what that means? The people in New England, where this poem was written, have always made a great deal of this holiday.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

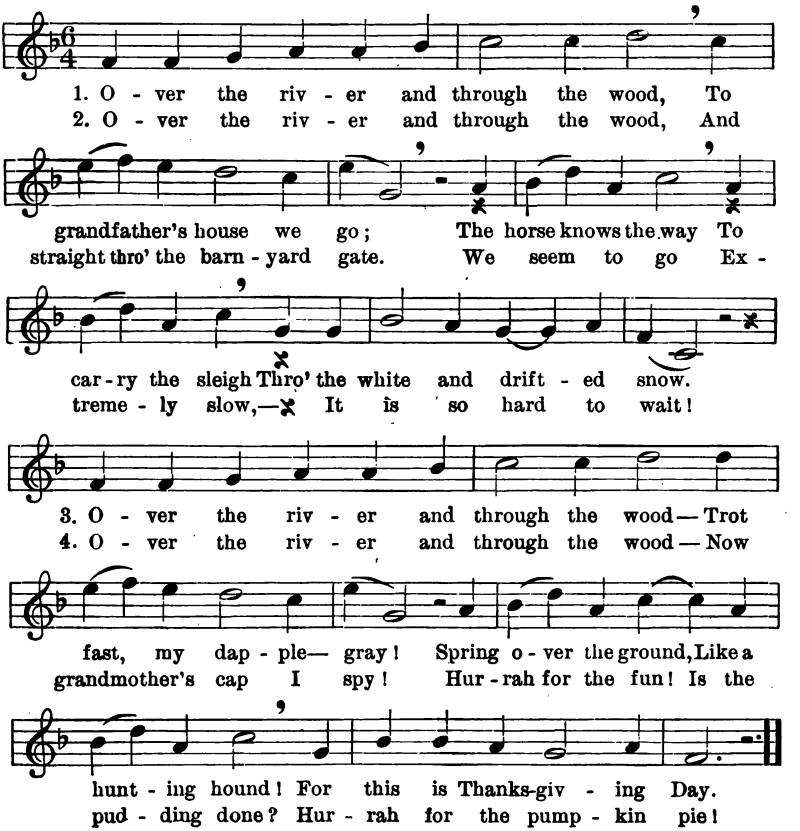
to carry: to draw
dapple-gray: mottled or spotted gray
national (nash'on al)
pudding (pud'ding)
sleigh (slā)
Thanksgiving (thanks'giv'-ing)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When does Thanksgiving Day come? 2. This is an American holiday only. Your teacher can tell you

how we came to have it. The President and the governors of the various states always issue a notice to the people to observe this day of thanks. Such a notice is called a proclamation.

3. Where do you spend this day? How? 4. How are the children in this poem going to spend it?


1. O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, To
2. O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, And
grandfather's house we go; The horse knows the way To
straight thro' the barn - yard gate. We seem to go Ex -
car - ry the sleigh Thro' the white and drift - ed snow.
treme - ly slow,— It is so hard to wait!
3. O - ver the riv - er and through the wood — Trot
4. O - ver the riv - er and through the wood — Now
fast, my dap - ple— gray! Spring o - ver the ground, Like a
grandmother's cap I spy! Hur - rah for the fun! Is the
hunt - ing hound! For this is Thanks-giv - ing Day.
pud - ding done? Hur - rah for the pump - kin pie!

TOM TIT TOT

Among people of the older world long, long ago, it was believed that if you knew a person's name it gave you a sort of magic powèr over him. We shall see how that idea comes out in this old story.

I.

Once upon a time a woman was baking five pies. She left them in the oven so long that the crust was burnt hard. So she called to her daughter and bade her put the pies on a shelf until they had softened. One day when the girl went to see how the pies were getting on, they looked so good that she took a bite of one. Soon she had eaten all the pies on the shelf. When supper time came, her mother told her to fetch one of the pies for them to eat.

"They are still hard," said the girl.

"Are all of them hard?" asked her mother.

"Yes, all of them," replied the girl.

"Well, I must have a pie for supper, no matter how hard it is," said the mother. Then the daughter had to tell her what had happened.

"You cannot have even one," she said, "for I have eaten them all."

The mother was very angry at this, but the girl was too big and stupid to be punished. So, when supper was over, the mother sat by the doorstep and began to spin. And as she spun she sang:

"My daughter ate five pies to-day,
My daughter ate five pies to-day."

She did not know that the king was coming down the street, and she did not see him standing by her cottage and listening to her song. The king heard the tune, but he could not catch the words, so he came up to her and said: "What were you singing just now, my good woman?"

"Oh, only a little song of my own," she replied.

"Well, sing it to me," said the king. Now the woman did not want to tell the king about her greedy daughter and the pies, so she sang:

"My daughter spun five skeins to-day,
My daughter spun five skeins to-day."

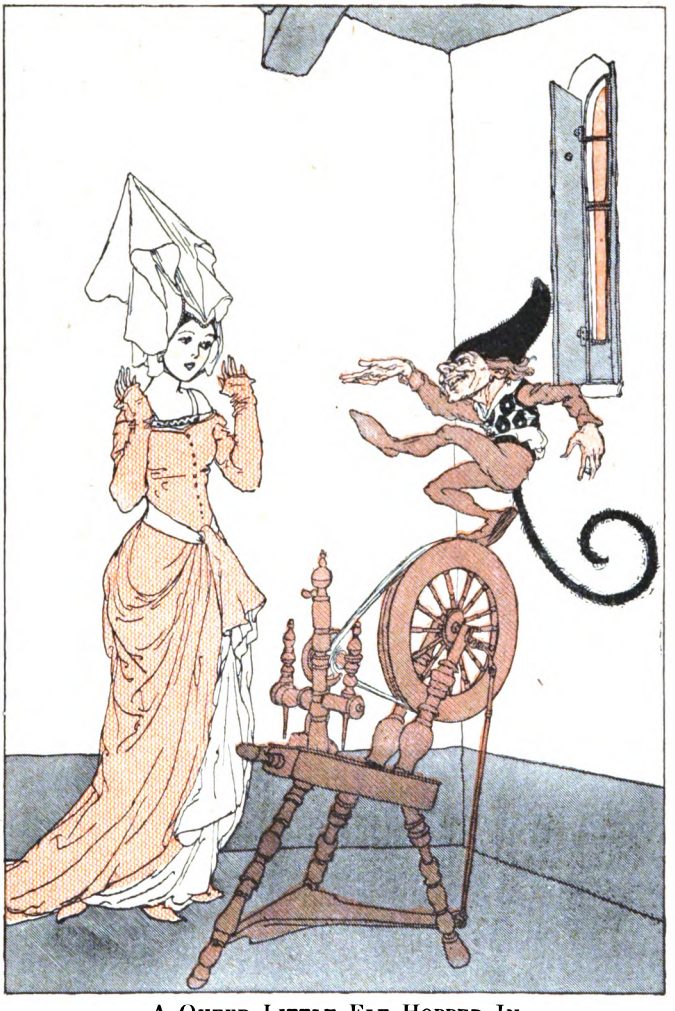
"She did, indeed?" cried the king. "Well I never heard of a girl who could spin that much in a day. Anyone as smart as that is fit to be the wife of the best man in the land." The king walked on a little way, and then he came back. "See here," he said, "as I am the best man in the land and as I want a wife, I shall marry your daughter."

The good woman was pleased, you may be sure, at these words.

"Tell your daughter," said the king, "that for eleven months I will give her all the food she wants to eat, and all the fine clothes she wants to wear, and all the gay company she wants to keep. But on every day of the twelfth month she must spin five skeins of flax. If she does not do this, I shall cut off her head."

"All right," said the woman. "You may take her and welcome."

The next day her daughter was married to the king. For eleven months the young queen had all the food she wanted to eat, and all the fine clothes she could wear, and all the gay company



A Queer Little Elf Hopped In.

she wished. As the twelfth month drew near she began to wonder if the king had forgotten what he had said about the five skeins. But the king had not forgotten.

On the first day of the twelfth month, he took her into a room which she had never seen, and in which there was nothing but a spinning wheel, some flax, and a stool. "You will stay here," he said, "and spin. If you have not spun five skeins before night, you will lose your head."

The poor queen began to cry bitterly. She could not spin even one skein; so how could she ever finish five by nightfall? Suddenly she heard a knock at the window, tap, tap, tap. She dried her eyes, and hurried to open the window. How surprised she was to see a queer little black elf hop down from the sill. He was very ugly, and had a long, thin, curling tail; but the queen was glad to see him. She was in such deep trouble that she was glad to see anyone. The little man looked up at her and asked her why she was crying so hard; and as he spoke he gave a twirl to his long, thin tail.

The queen told him all about the pies and the skeins, and what the king had bidden her do. The black elf gave a twirl to his tail and said: "Do not cry any longer, for I will do all the work for you. Each morning I will come here for the flax, and each evening I will bring the five skeins back to you."

"How much money do you want for all this?" asked the queen.

"No money at all," replied the elf. As he said this he twirled his long tail so fast above his head that the queen grew quite dizzy.

"All I ask," he said, "is for you to guess my name. If you cannot guess it before the month is up, I will carry you off to my cave in the mountains. You can guess three times every night."

Now the queen felt sure that she could guess the elf's name in a month's time, so she agreed to the bargain. Then the little black man took up the flax, and flew with it out of the window.

company (kum'pa-nў)
listening (lis'ning)
skeins (skānz): small bundles of flax or yarn
softened (sof'nd)
twirl (twerl)

II

The queen waited all day, and in the evening she heard a tap at the window. She jumped up to look out, and there was the little black elf with the five skeins under his arm. "Here they are," he cried. "Now guess my name."

"Is it Bill?" she asked.

"No."

"Is it Ned?" This was her second guess.

"No, it is not," said the elf, and he twirled his tail very fast.

"Is it Mark?" This was her third guess.

"No, no," cried the little man, and he twirled his tail faster than ever. Then he flew away.

When the king came a little later, there were the five skeins all finished. "You have saved your head this time," he said, and went away. Every morning, true to his promise, the elf came for the flax; and every evening he brought back the finished skeins, and heard the queen try to guess his name.

So the days went by, but the queen could never find out his name. The elf grew gayer

and gayer, and twirled his tail faster and faster each time she said a name. Soon there was only one day left. On the night before the last day, the elf brought the skeins as usual, but his manner was very confident as he said: "Now guess my name."

"Is it Daniel?"

"No."

"Is it Zedekiah?"

"No."

"Is it Methuselah?"

"Oh, no, no, no," cried the little man, and he danced about and twirled his tail round and round his head. Then he said: "To-morrow is the last day. I will surely carry you off to the mountain." And he laughed and danced about in high glee.

That night the king saw the five skeins as usual, and he said to the queen: "To-morrow shall be the last time that you are to sit here and spin. I am proud of your skill, and will never doubt you again. Let me sit with you here to-night and have supper with you." So

the servants brought in the supper, and the king and queen ate together. While they were eating the king began to laugh, and he laughed so hard that the queen asked him what he was laughing at.

"I was out in the woods to-day," said the king, "and I saw such a funny thing. While I was hunting I came to a deep cave in the mountains, and when I looked into it, I saw such a queer little black man with a long thin tail. He was sitting beside a wheel, and spinning as fast as he could spin. All the time he twirled his tail just as fast as the wheel went around. He sang a song as he worked, and it sounded something like this:

"Nimmy, nimmy not —
My name is Tom Tit Tot."

As he told the story the king laughed and laughed, but the queen felt so happy that she wanted to cry for joy.

The next morning when the elf came, he looked very gay, and he twirled his tail so fast that you could hardly see it. At night he threw down

the skeins and cried boldly, "Come, now, what is my name? This is your last chance to guess my name."

"Is it Solomon?" asked the queen.

"No, no," cried the elf, and he hopped gaily around the room.

"Is it Alexander?"

"No, no, no," screamed the little black man, skipping madly about and twirling his tail till it looked like a ring of fire.

"Well then," said the queen, "this is my last guess." And pointing her finger at him she said:

"Nimmy, nimmy, not —
Your name is Tom Tit Tot!"

At this the elf gave a great cry of rage and flew out of the window. The queen never saw or heard of him again.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

Alexander (Al′egz an′der)
Methuselah (Me thū′se lah)
Solomon (Sol′o mon)
Zedekiah (Zed′e ki′ah)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How does this story begin? 2. Why did the mother change her song when the king heard her? 3. Why did he marry her daughter? 4. What did he tell her she would have to do? 5. How did she spend her first eleven months as queen? 6. What might she have done if she had been wise? 7. What did the king require of her in the twelfth month? 8. Who came to her help? 9. What did he look like? 10. How did he act? 11. What bargain did he make with her? 12. Why was she willing to make the bargain?

13. How did she find out the elf's name? 14. Was it wisdom or just luck that helped her out? 15. What happened to lazy and stupid people in some of the other fairy stories you have read?

LITTLE WHITE LILY

Little White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said: "It is good,
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little White Lily
Drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little White Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

clothing (klōth'ing)
drooping (droop'ing)

crownèd (kroun'ed): having a crown on one's head. The mark over the "e" indicates that the word is to be pronounced in two syllables.

Helps to Study

1. How is the lily fed? See the first two stanzas. 2. What color is it? 3. In the next two stanzas, what helps the lily? 4. What is meant by the lily's cup? 5. Where does the last stanza say the same things as the first two stanzas?

Read this poem silently until you can read it aloud correctly, easily, and quickly.

THE MOON

Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there.
See, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.
Last week she was smaller
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

Eliza Lee Follen.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

This is another of the oldest, best-known, and most beautiful of the fairy tales.

I

Long ago there lived a king and queen to whom was born a beautiful daughter. So beautiful was she that the king in his joy made a great feast. To this feast he invited all his relatives and friends. He invited also the wise women of the kingdom, that they might be kind to the child and bring blessings to her.

Now there were thirteen of these wise women in the kingdom; but the king had to leave one of them out, as he had only twelve golden plates to set before them. At the end of the feast, the wise women gave their wonderful gifts to the child; one gave virtue, another gave beauty, a third gave riches, and so on, one after another gave whatever there is in the world to wish for. Now when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to re-

venge herself; and without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice:

"In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and fall dead."

Then without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying. Then the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift; and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it, so she said:

"The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now the king, being very desirous of saving his child from this misfortune, commanded that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and so kind and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, when she was nearly fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks

and corners, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. Up the narrow winding stair she climbed, until she came to a little door, with a rusty key sticking in the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened. There in the little room she saw an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good day, mother," said the princess; "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman.

"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden; and, taking the spindle in her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became

still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to box the scullion's ears for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees.

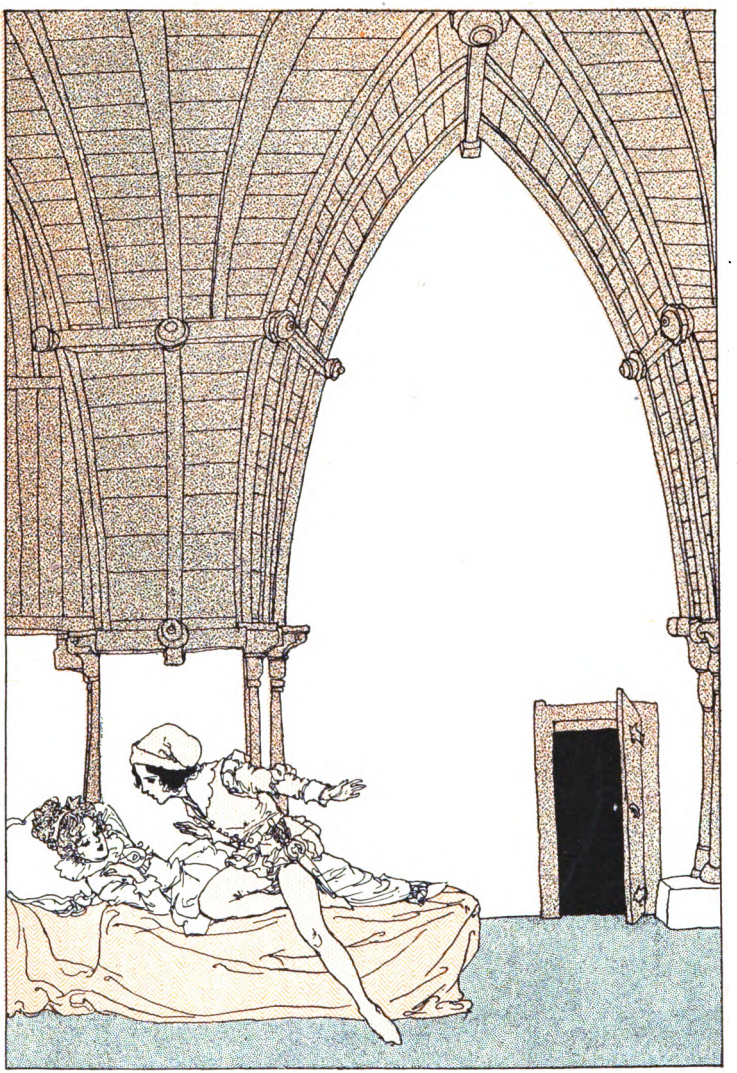
Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the top of the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, as the princess was called. From time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, died a cruel death.

bestowed (be stōd′): given
castle (kas′l)
desirous (dē-zīr′us)
diligently (dil′i jent lў)
pigeon (pĭj′ŭn)
prophecy (prof′e sў): something told before it happens.
relatives (rel′a tivz)
Rosamond (Roz′a mond)
scullion (skul′yun): a boy who does the rough work of the kitchen

II

Many a long year afterward there came a king's son into that country, who heard an old man tell that there was a castle standing behind a hedge of thorns, and that a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept there for a hundred years, with the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns, and had died a miserable death.

Then said the young man: "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to warn him of the danger, but he would not listen. For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond was to be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of large and beautiful flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him a thick hedge again. When he reached the castle yard he saw the horses and the hunting dogs



THE PRINCE FINDS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

lying asleep; and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. When he came indoors the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had his hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchenmaid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he went upstairs to the hall, where he saw the whole court asleep; and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and queen. All was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing.

At last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and came to the room where Rosamond lay. When he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes. As he stooped and kissed her, she opened her eyes, and looked kindly on him. Then she rose and they went forth together. At the same moment the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other, their eyes big with wonderment. The horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked around,

and flew into the field; the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed, and cooked the meat; the joint on the spit began to roast; the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until the end of their lives.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

hedge (hej)
leaped (lēpt)
miserable (miz'er a bl)
misfortune (mis for'chūn)
pierced (pērst)
splendor (splen'der)
waked (wākt)
wonderment (wun'der ment)

HELPS TO STUDY

Spindles: where else have you read about spindles?

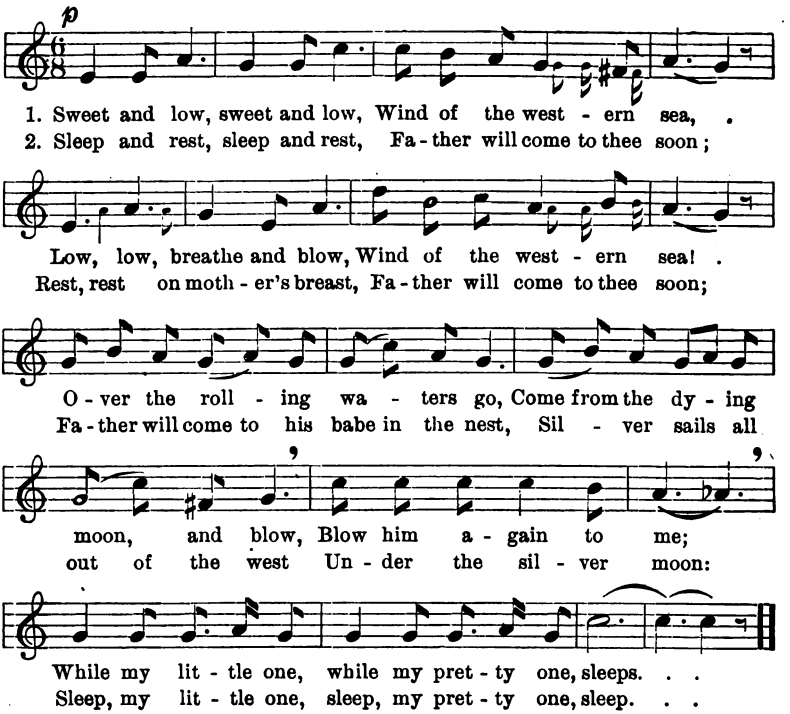
1. What was the curse that the angry wise woman put upon the baby princess? 2. How was it softened? 3. How did the king try to keep the prophecy from coming to pass? 4. How did it happen in spite of him? 5. Describe the falling to sleep of the castle. 6. How long a time passed before the curse was removed? 7. Who removed it? How? 8. Describe the waking up of the castle. 9. There is a beautiful poem about this story by Tennyson, called "The Day Dream." Do you know it?

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.


p
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea!
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to me;
out of the west Un - der the sil - ver moon:
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. . .
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . .

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This is a lullaby. Where have you read one before? 2. Who is speaking — or is it more like singing? 3. Learn the poem by heart.

THE HUSBAND WHO KEPT HOUSE

The people who made up these old stories liked fun as much as you do. This story makes fun of the men who think their own work so much harder than the work of women.

Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross that he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So, one evening in hay-making time, he came home scolding and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry, there's a good man," said his good wife; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his wife took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

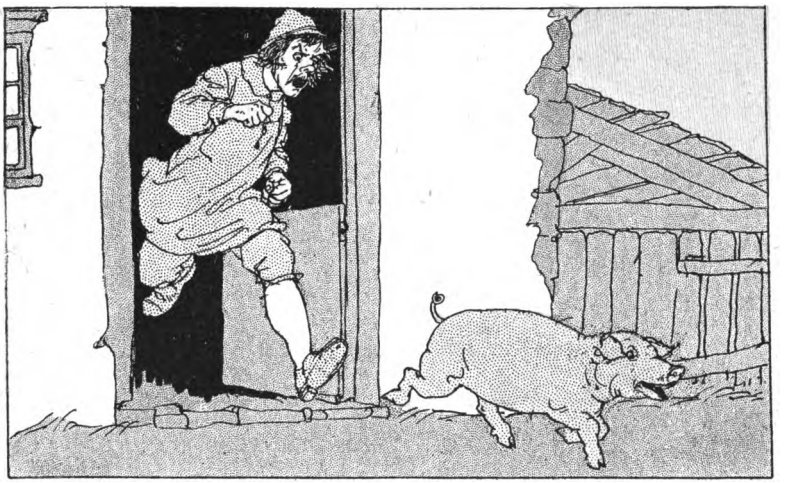
First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned awhile, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of cider. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard the pig come into the kitchen overhead. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn. But when he got there, he saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood rooting and grunting in the cream which was running all over the floor.

Then he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the cider barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay as if dead. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of cider had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner.

When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the stable, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the housetop; for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep hill, and he thought if he laid a a plank across to the thatch at the back he could easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "If I leave," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he would better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch. So he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and down into the well.



Now it was near dinner time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he would best boil the porridge. He filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her fast. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own waist; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could get neither down nor up.

And now the good wife had waited a long while for her husband to come and call her home to dinner; but never a call she had. At last she thought she had waited long enough, and she went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his wife came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

dairy (dā′rў)
haste (hāst)
mowers (mō′erz)
porridge (por′rij)
scythe (sīth)
surly (sur′lў)
thatched (thăcht)
waist (wāst)

Helps to Study

1. How did the man come to try minding the house? 2. How did his troubles begin? 3. Tell what he did with the cider barrel, with the churn, with the pig, with the cow. 4. In what situation did his wife find him when she came in for dinner? 5. What do you suppose she said? 6. How do you think his temper was? 7. How many careless or stupid things had he done? 8. Imagine what the husband and wife said to each other after his trial at housekeeping. One of you can be the husband, and one the wife.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I had to go to London to get myself a wife.
The streets were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

This poem is a favorite with all children. It was written about seventy-five years ago. Mr. Moore, the author, was a teacher in a school for ministers. You see he thought it quite right to make believe in Santa Claus.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Blitzen (blĭt'zen): A Dutch word meaning lightning
coursers (kōrs'erz): horses
Donder (dŭn'der): a Dutch word meaning thunder
eagle (ē'gl)
encircled (en ser'kld)
hurricane (hur'ri kān): a very severe wind
kerchief (ker'chĭf): a cloth bound around the head to protect it. People used to wear a kerchief or night cap in bed.
lustre (lus'ter): brightness
miniature (mĭn'i a tur): small
obstacle (ŏb'sta kl): something that gets in the way
tarnished (tär'nisht): soiled
thistle (this''l)
twinkling (twin̲'kling)
visions (vĭzh'unz): pictures in the mind
wreath (rēth)

HELPS TO STUDY

Threw up the sash: You see they were sleeping with the windows closed. People know better nowadays.

Picture the scenes of the poem to yourself: the children tucked in their beds and asleep, and the old people just settling into a nap; the white snow, and the dashing team; the opening of the pack with its toys, and the closer view of jolly old St. Nicholas; and the last scene in which he dashes away. Where is he going?

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

This is another of the old stories that were told for the fun in them. This story pokes fun at the street musicians of Bremen. You will see how, when you think about it. Have you ever heard a street band? Do they always make good music? Did you ever hear a donkey make music? Or a dog? Or a cat? Or a cock?

I

Once upon a time a man had a donkey who for many years had carried bags of grain on his back to and from the mill. But at last he grew so old that he was no longer of any use for work, and his master tried to think how he could get rid of his old servant so that he might not have to feed him.

The donkey found out what was in his master's mind, and fearing that he might be killed, he ran away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band play sweet music, for he thought he could be a musician as well as they.

He had not gone far when he came upon an old dog panting for breath, as if he had been running a long way.

"What are you panting for, my friend?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," answered the dog, "now that I am old, and growing weaker and weaker every day, I can no longer go to the hunt, and my master has said that I must be killed; so I have run away. But how I am to find bread and meat I do not know."

"Well," said the donkey, "come with me. I am going to be a street musician in Bremen. I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the flute, and you play the kettle drum."

The dog was quite willing, and so they both walked on.

They had not gone far when they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as long as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, what is the matter with you, old Tom?" asked the donkey.

"You also would be sad," said the cat, "if you were in my place; for now that I am getting old, and my teeth are gone, I cannot catch the mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found that they were going to drown me, I ran away as fast as I could. Alas, what I am to do now I do not know!"

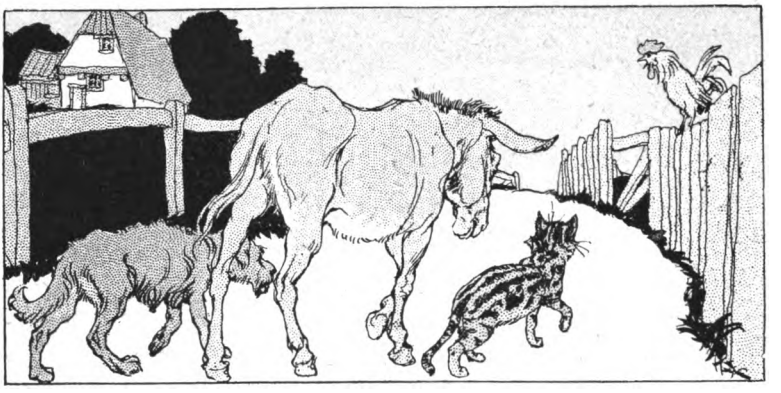
"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "I know that you sing well at night, so you can easily make a street musician in the town."

"That is just what I should like to do," said the cat; so he joined the donkey and the dog, and they all walked on together.

After some time the three musicians came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a cock, crying "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" with all his might.

"What are you making so much noise for?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," said the cock, "in spite of my giving them a fine day for Sunday I find I must have my head cut off to make a dinner for Monday, and so I am crowing as hard as I can while my head is still on!"



"Come with us, old Red Comb," said the donkey; "we are going to Bremen to be street musicians. You have a fine voice, and the rest of us are all musical, too."

"Ah," said the cock, "that is just what I should like to do!" And they all four went on to Bremen.

Bremen (Brām′en) **musicians** (mū zish′anz)
musical (mū′zi kal)

II

Now they could not reach the town in one day, and as evening came on they went into a wood to stop for the night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree; the cat climbed up on one of the branches; and the cock flew to the top of the tree, where he felt quite safe.

Before they went to sleep, the cock, who from the top of the tree could look all around, saw the light from a window, and calling to his friends he told them that they were not far from a house.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must all go on to this light, for it may be just the house for us." And the old dog said he should like a little piece of meat or even a bone.

So they were soon on their way again. As they drew near, the light grew larger and brighter, until they saw that it came from the window of a robber's house. The donkey, who was the tallest, went up and looked in.

"What do you see, old Long Ears?" asked the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table spread with plenty to eat and drink, and the robbers sitting before it having their supper."

"We should be there, too, if we had our rights," said the cock.

"Ah, yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get inside."

Then the four friends talked over what they would better do in order to drive the robbers away. At last they hit upon a plan.

The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his front feet on the window sill; the dog could then stand on the donkey's back; the cat was to climb upon the dog; and the cock was to perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was done, the donkey gave a signal, and they all began to make their music at once. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, all with such force that the window-panes shook and were almost broken.

The robbers had never before heard such a noise, and thought it must come from witches, or giants, or goblins. They all fled at once and ran as fast as they could to the wood behind the house. Then our four friends rushed in and took what the

robbers had left on the table. They ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had eaten as much as they could, they put out the light, and each went to sleep in the spot which he liked best. The donkey lay down out in the yard; the dog lay behind the door; the cat went to sleep in front of the fireplace; while the cock flew up on to a high shelf. They were all so tired from their long walk that they soon fell fast asleep.

When all was still and the light was put out, the robber chief sent one of his bravest men back to the house to see how things were going. The man found everything quiet and still, so he went into the kitchen to strike a light. Seeing the great fiery eyes of the cat, he thought they were live coals and held a match to them. But this made puss angry, and he flew up, spit at the man, and scratched his face. It gave the robber so great a fright that he ran for the door, but the dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the yard the rogue ran into the donkey, who

AT LAST THEY HIT UPON A PLAN.

gave him a great kick with his hind foot; while the cock on the shelf, waked up by the noise, was alive in a moment, and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the man ran as fast as his legs could carry him back to the robber chief.

When he had caught his breath, he said: "In that house is a wicked witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long nails; then by the door stood a man with a knife, who cut me in the leg; out in the yard lay a great black giant, who struck me a blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge, who cried: 'What did he do? What did he do?' When I heard this, I ran off as fast as I could."

No money could ever have made the robbers go near that house again; but our four friends, the musicians, liked the place so well that they would not leave it, and so far as I know they are there to this day.

GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES.

brighter (brīt′er)
knife (nīf)
mewed (mūd)
plenty (plen tў)
rogue (rōg)
witches (wich′ez)

Helps to Study

1. Tell how each of these four animals came to leave his home. 2. What adventure did they meet with on their way? 3. Tell just how they scared the robbers away. 4. What happened to the scout the robbers sent back to the house? 5. What report did he make of the affair? 6. Where are the four musicians now?

Review Questions

1. Who were Snow-White and Rose-Red? Who was their friend in the story? 2. What old story was there about Mother Frost and her feather bed? Tell about the two girls in the story. 3. Who wrote the poem "Thanksgiving Day"? 4. Where do the words "Nimmy, Nimmy Not" come in? Who says them? Tell about the guessing that the queen did. 5. Who was "The Sleeping Beauty"? What put her to sleep? How long did she sleep? How was she wakened? 6. Recite the poem "Sweet and Low." 7. Tell the story of the man who thought he could keep house. 8. Recite the poem "When I Was a Bachelor." 9. What did St. Nicholas look like? What were the names of his reindeer? 10. Tell what the "town musicians" did at the house of the robbers.

THE THREE WISHES

Once upon a time there was a woodcutter who lived with his wife in a little hut in the forest. One day he started out to cut down some trees for his winter firewood. On his way he passed a thorn bush; and as he thought this would make good kindling, he decided to cut the bush down. Just as he lifted his ax, he heard a thin little voice call out: "Please don't cut down the thorn bush."

The woodman looked all around, and there, under the bush, he saw a little man dressed in green. He was a funny little fellow, with long pointed shoes and a peaked cap; and he made the woodcutter laugh out loud when he said, "This is my thorn bush."

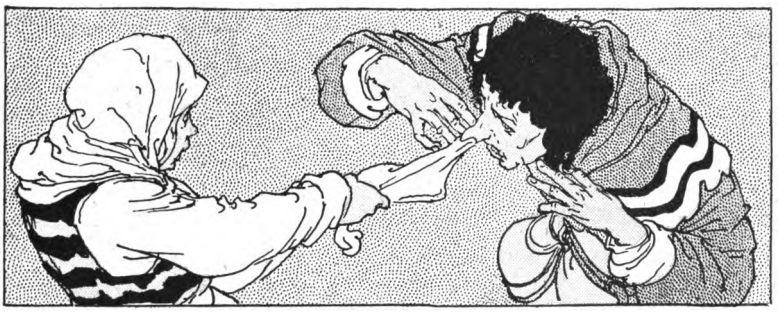
But the woodcutter was a kindly man; so he promised the little elf that he would not cut down the thorn bush. In return for this kindness the elf said that he would grant the woodman and his wife three wishes. They might ask for anything they wanted, and it would be given to them.

The man cut his firewood very quickly that day, and hurried home to his wife to tell her what the elf had promised. He was hungry and tired when he reached the hut, and for a moment he forgot all about the three wishes. "Is supper ready?" he asked his wife as soon as he entered the kitchen.

"No," she answered, "the fire is out and the supper will not be ready for an hour."

"Oh my, how hungry I am," said the man; "I wish I had a big thick oatcake this very minute." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than flap, flap, flap, came a sound at the door, and into the house flapped a big thick oatcake.

"Goodness me, what's this?" cried the wife in astonishment. Then the woodcutter told her about the elf and the thorn bush and the three



wishes. "Well, well," she exclaimed, when she heard the story, "what a great piece of luck that was. But now you have wasted one of the wishes on this wretched oatcake. How could you be so stupid?" And she began to fuss and scold, and got more and more angry as she thought of all the gold she might have had for their first wish. "O dear, O dear," she grumbled, "why must we have this horrid oatcake instead of money. I wish it would stick fast to your nose!" No sooner were these words spoken than flap, flap, flap, went the oatcake up from the table, and fastened itself on the end of the woodcutter's nose. What a time there was then to get the oatcake off! The man pulled and his wife pulled,

but it was all of no use. The cake stuck fast, and would not come off.

"Well," said the wife, "at least we have one wish left, and we can wish for so much money that you won't mind if the cake is on your nose. Shall I ask for a barrel of gold?"

"Never," cried the man. "I wish that the cake may drop off my nose this minute." And flap, flap, flap — there it was on the floor.

The woodcutter and his wife looked at it a long time, for they knew that they had already had all their three wishes. As they were wise people, they didn't grumble long about it, but sat down and ate the oatcake for their supper.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

already (ạl red′ў)
astonishment (as ton′ish ment)
flapped (flapt)
horrid (hor′rid)
peaked (pēkt)

1. Many of these old stories tell how things might work out if we got the things for which we wished. 2. Most of us have thought how fine it would be to have whatever we asked for. How did it come out in this story? 3. Do you think we might be just as thoughtless? 4. Do you know any other stories about "three wishes"?

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;

My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
The summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

borne (bōrn)
ignorance (ig'nō rans)
lilac (lī'lak)
laburnum (lā bur'num): a sort of bush or shrub
violet (vī'ō let)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What does the poet remember, in the first stanza? 2. What in the second? 3. What in the third, and in the fourth? 4. What do the last two lines of the first stanza mean? 5. Is the poet unhappy, do you think?

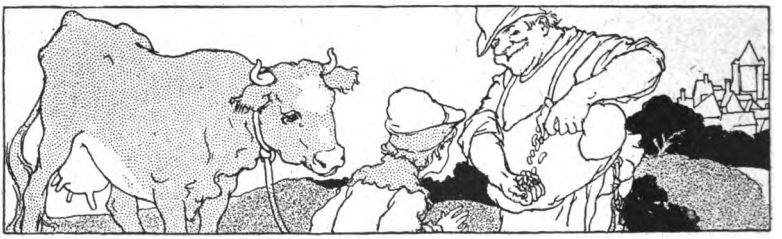
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

Many years ago, in a small cottage, in a country village in England, there lived a poor widow and her only child, Jack. This boy was indulged so much by his mother that he became idle and paid little attention to what she said to him. As the mother was poor and Jack would do no work, she was obliged to sell almost everything she possessed, till at last little was left them except their cow. One day the poor woman was in tears, and for the first time scolded Jack in an angry way.

"Oh, you wicked boy," she cried, "your extravagance is ruining us; I have no money left to buy another meal. We have nothing left us but the poor cow; and we must either sell her or starve."

For a few minutes Jack felt very sorry. Being very hungry, he persuaded his mother to let him take the cow to the village to sell her. As he was walking along with the cow he met the butcher, who asked why he was taking her from home; and he replied that she was for sale.



Now the butcher had in his bag some curious beans of various colors, with which Jack seemed to be pleased. The butcher noticed this, and determined to take advantage of Jack's easy temper; so he offered to give him all the beans in exchange for the cow. As the foolish boy supposed this to be a good offer, the bargain was at once made, and the cow was exchanged for a few beans. Jack hurried home to his mother, thinking to surprise her with the beans.

When she heard what Jack had done, and saw the beans that he had brought, she quite lost her temper; and throwing the beans in every direction, she scattered some of them about the garden.

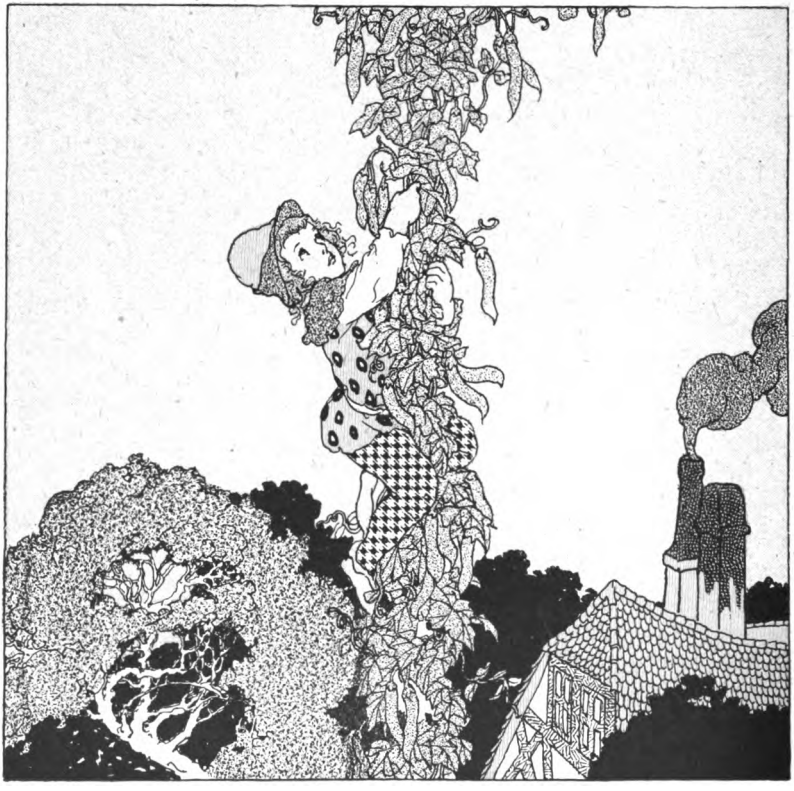
Jack woke up early next morning, and out of his bedroom window he saw something strange in the garden. He hurriedly dressed, and, running

downstairs, he saw that some of the beans had taken root, and had sprung up in a surprising manner. The stalks were immensely thick, and were twisted into a ladder like a chain.

He looked up, but could not see the top of the beanstalk, which appeared to be lost in the clouds. When he found that the stalk was firm and could not be shaken, a new idea occurred to him. He decided to climb the beanstalk, and find out where it led. He was so delighted with this idea that he forgot even that he was hungry, and ran to tell his mother of his plan.

The poor woman was very angry with this idle notion, as she thought it, and declared that Jack should not go. She told him that it would break her heart if he went; but, in spite of her threats and pleadings, he stuck to his plan.

advantage (ad van′tāj)
attention (at ten′shun)
delighted (de līt′ed): pleased
extravagance (eks trăv′a gans): wastefulness
immensely (im mens′lў)
indulged (in duljd′): spoiled by having his own way
obliged (o blījd′): compelled
persuaded (per swād′ed)
possessed (poz zest′)
supposed (sup pōzd′)
threats (threts)



II

So Jack set out, and after a long and tiresome climb he reached the top of the beanstalk. He found himself in a strange country, which seemed to be a barren desert. There was not a tree, shrub, house, or any living creature to be seen. The poor lad sat down on a stone to rest. He felt sorry that he had disobeyed his mother in climbing the beanstalk, and feared that he would die of hunger.

He trudged on and on, in the hope of reaching a house, where he might find something to eat. When he had walked some distance, he observed, coming out of some shrubbery, a pretty young lady, beautifully dressed. She had a crown on her head, and in her hand was a long wand.

She came up to Jack, and inquired how he came to be there. Jack told her the whole truth about the beanstalk. She then asked him if he remembered his father. Jack replied that he did not, and said that he thought there must be some mystery about him; for his mother had always seemed unwilling to talk about him.

The young lady then offered to tell Jack the whole story, if he would promise to obey all her commands. For she was a fairy, and could help him if he would obey her. Jack gave his promise, and the fairy then said to him:

"Your father was a rich and very generous man. Near his house there lived a giant, who wished to injure him, as he did not like to hear of his kind actions.

"One day, when the cruel giant heard that your parents were about to go away for a few days to visit a friend in the country, he caused your father to be murdered, and your mother to be seized.

"But your mother escaped with you from the giant, and wandered with you many miles. At last she settled in the cottage where you were brought up; and she has never told you anything about your father, because of her great fear of the giant.

"I was your father's guardian," said the fairy, "but since his death I have been yours. When you met the butcher I prompted you to accept

the beans in exchange for your cow; and it was by my power that the beanstalk formed a ladder, and grew so high.

"The giant lives in this country, and you are the one to punish him for his wickedness. As for his possessions, you may seize all you can; for everything belongs by right to you, as the giant plundered your father."

The fairy then showed Jack the way to the giant's house, and promised to protect him as long as he obeyed her.

accept (ak sept′)
appointed (ap point′ed)
barren (băr′ren)
desert (dez′ert)
exchange (eks chānj′)
generous (jen′er us): kind, free in giving
mystery (mis′ter ў)
obey (ō bā′)
observed (ob zervd′)
parents (pâr′ents)
prompted (promt′ed)
seized (sēzd)
shrubbery (shrub′ber ў)

III

Soon after the fairy left him, Jack came to a large mansion, at the door of which stood a plain-looking woman. Jack went up to her, and asked for some supper and a night's lodging.

Although the woman told Jack that her husband was a terrible giant, who ate nothing but human flesh, he begged her to take him in for one night only, and to hide him from the giant. At length the good woman was persuaded to take him into the house. She asked him to sit down at the table, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. As Jack was enjoying his meal, he heard a very loud knocking at the street door, which made the whole house shake.

The woman hid Jack in the oven, and then let her husband in. Jack kept his ears wide open, and heard the giant say, in a voice like thunder:

"Wife, wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh, my dear," replied the woman, "it is only the people who are in the dungeon."

This quieted the giant, who then went into the very kitchen where Jack was concealed, and sat down at table, while his wife prepared the supper. As soon as supper was over, the giant asked his wife for his hen; and she brought in a very beautiful hen, which she placed on the table before him. Jack, whose curiosity had been roused, no-

ticed that every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

After some time, when the giant was fast asleep, and snoring like the roar of a cannon, Jack crept

from his hiding place, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He had no difficulty in finding his way to the beanstalk, which he descended with greater ease than he had expected. His mother was delighted to see him, for she sadly feared that his rashness might have cost him his life.

"Mother!" exclaimed Jack, "I have brought you home something which will make you very rich."

He then showed her the hen, which laid as many golden eggs as they wanted; so that in a short time they became quite wealthy.

concealed (kon sēld′)
descended (de send′ed)
difficulty (dif′fi kul tў)
dungeon (dun′jun): a dark, strong place underground, where prisoners are kept
human (hū′man)
husband (huz′band)
lodging (loj′ing)
mansion (man′shun): a fine, large house
people (pē′pl)
roused (rouzd)
wealthy (welth′ў)

IV

Jack and his mother lived very happily together for some months, but as Jack remembered the fairy's commands, and had heard, when in the oven, that the giant possessed many more valuable things, he could not resist the longing to pay him another visit. So he climbed up the beanstalk, and walked to the house of the giant, whose wife was standing at the door. In spite of his disguise, Jack found it very difficult to persuade her to let

him in; but at length the woman gave in, and concealed him in a cupboard.

When the giant came home, he had his supper and then amused himself by counting out the contents of two large moneybags. He soon went to sleep, and Jack at once seized the moneybags, just as he had seized the hen, and ran away with them to the beanstalk. He climbed down as quickly as he could, and took the money to his mother, who was delighted.

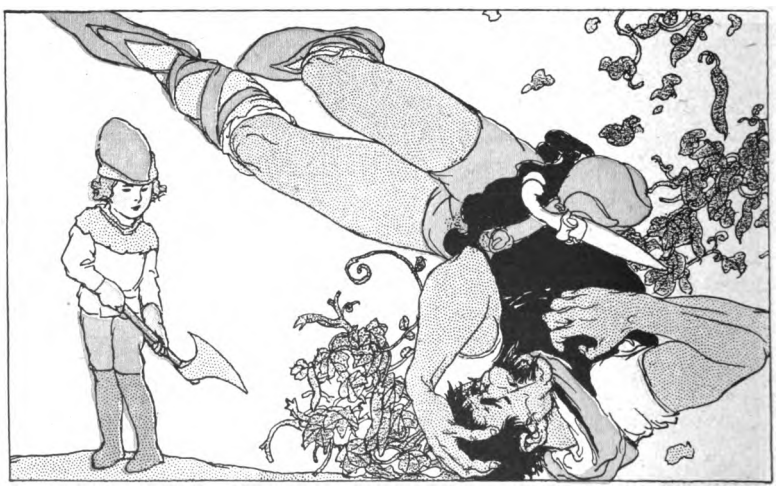
Jack lived happily at home for three years after this, and he then determined to climb the beanstalk once again. He, therefore, put on another disguise, and having arrived at the house, again persuaded the giant's wife to let him in. When the giant arrived, she hid Jack in the copper kettle, and from that place he watched the doings of his enemy.

After supper the giant called for his harp, and a most beautiful one was placed before him. When the giant said "Play," the harp produced some delightful music of its own accord.

The music lulled the giant to sleep. Jack then

seized the harp and ran off with it; but the harp was enchanted, and called out loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant started up and pursued Jack, who reached the foot of the beanstalk before the giant reached the top. The moment Jack reached the foot of the beanstalk, he called loudly for a hatchet, and one was instantly brought him. The giant began to descend, but Jack with his hatchet cut the beanstalk close at the root, so that the giant fell headlong into the garden. The fall killed the giant on the spot.



The fairy then appeared, and explained to Jack's mother all about the journeys up the beanstalk. She told Jack to be dutiful to his mother, and they would continue to live happily.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

cupboard (kub'berd)
disguise (dis gīz')
enchanted (en chant'ed)
explained (eks plānd')
headlong (hed'long)
instantly (in'stant-lў)
produced (prō dūst')
valuable (val'ū-a bl)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What sort of boy was Jack? 2. What troubles had his mother? 3. How did Jack sell the cow? 4. What came of this strange bargain of Jack's?

5. To what place did the beanstalk lead? 6. Whom did he meet there? 7. Tell the story that she told him.

8. What happened at the giant's mansion? 9. What happened on his second visit to the giant's? 10. On the third visit? 11. How did Jack finally escape from the giant? 12. Which of the three things that he brought back would you rather have? Why? 13. Tell what you would do with it. This would make an interesting short composition.

14. Did Jack deserve his good fortune? 15. How was he like the girl in "Tom Tit Tot"? 16. Tell some other story that you have heard or read about giants.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

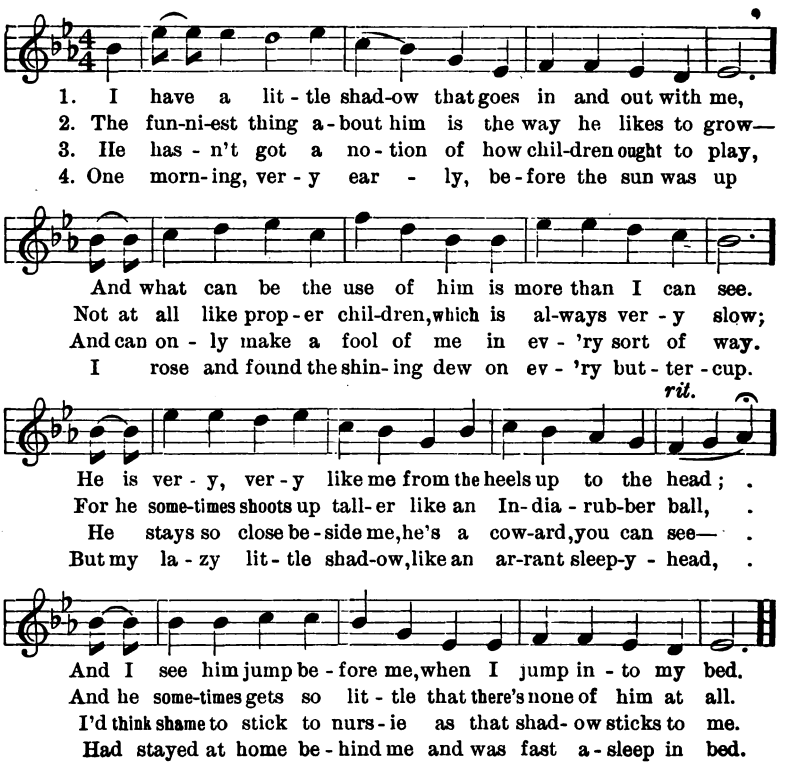
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you
can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

arrant (ar′rant): very bad
coward (kou′erd)
notion (nō′shun)
proper children: real children
shadow (shad′o)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What strange things does the shadow do? 2. When is your shadow short? When is it long? 3. What happens if you try to get away from your shadow? 4. Did this child's shadow stay at home, or is this just a joke? 5. When is it that you have no shadow? 6. Read the poem carefully, until you are able to read it smoothly and easily.

1. I have a lit - tle shad-ow that goes in and out with me,
2. The fun-ni-est thing a - bout him is the way he likes to grow—
3. He has - n't got a no - tion of how chil-dren ought to play,
4. One morn-ing, ver - y ear - ly, be - fore the sun was up
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
Not at all like prop - er chil-dren, which is al-ways ver - y slow;
And can on - ly make a fool of me in ev - 'ry sort of way.
I rose and found the shin-ing dew on ev - 'ry but - ter - cup.
rit.
He is ver - y, ver - y like me from the heels up to the head;
For he some-times shoots up tall-er like an In-dia - rub-ber ball,
He stays so close be - side me, he's a cow-ard, you can see—
But my la - zy lit - tle shad-ow, like an ar-rant sleep-y - head,
And I see him jump be - fore me, when I jump in - to my bed.
And he some-times gets so lit - tle that there's none of him at all.
I'd think shame to stick to nurs - ie as that shad- ow sticks to me.
Had stayed at home be - hind me and was fast a - sleep in bed.

Review Questions

1. Tell the story of the three wishes. 2. Recite the first stanza of the poem "I Remember." 3. Tell what happened on each of Jack's three visits to the house of the giant. 4. How does your shadow change? Recite Stevenson's poem, "My Shadow."

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote this story, lived in Denmark, and died in 1875. How long ago was that? He wrote a good many things, but the best things he wrote were stories for children, some of them sober and some of them funny. We shall see which kind this is. What other stories of his have you read?

I

Many years ago there lived an emperor who was so fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theater, and liked only to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always said of him, "The emperor is in his wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always merry; every day came many strangers. One day two rogues came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest cloth any one could imagine. Not

only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was very stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever ones from the dunces. Yes, the cloth must be woven for me directly!"

Then he gave the two rogues a great deal of money, that they might begin their work at once.

So they put up two looms and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold thread out of which to weave the cloth. These things they put away for themselves, and worked at their empty looms till late at night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the cloth," thought the emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that

those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew the peculiar power which the cloth possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old minister went out into the hall, where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to say that I could not see the cloth."

"Have you nothing to say about it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"Oh, it is charming — quite enchanting!" answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened with attention, that he might be able to repeat it when the emperor came.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put on the loom; and they continued to work on the empty looms as before.

The emperor soon sent again, this time another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the cloth would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man: "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and pleasing pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he told the emperor.

approve (ap-proov′)
council (koun′sil)
demanded (de mand′ed)
emperor (em′per er)
honest (on′est)
imagine (im aj′in)
invisible (in viz′i bl): that which cannot be seen
loom (loom): a frame on which cloth is made from threads
pattern (pat′tern)
quality (kwol′i tȳ)
theater (thē′ater)
uncomfortable (un kum′fert a bl)
wardrobe (ward′rōb)
weavers (wēv′erz)

II

All the people were talking of the gorgeous cloth. The emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a crowd of chosen men, among whom were the two old statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main, but without fiber or thread.

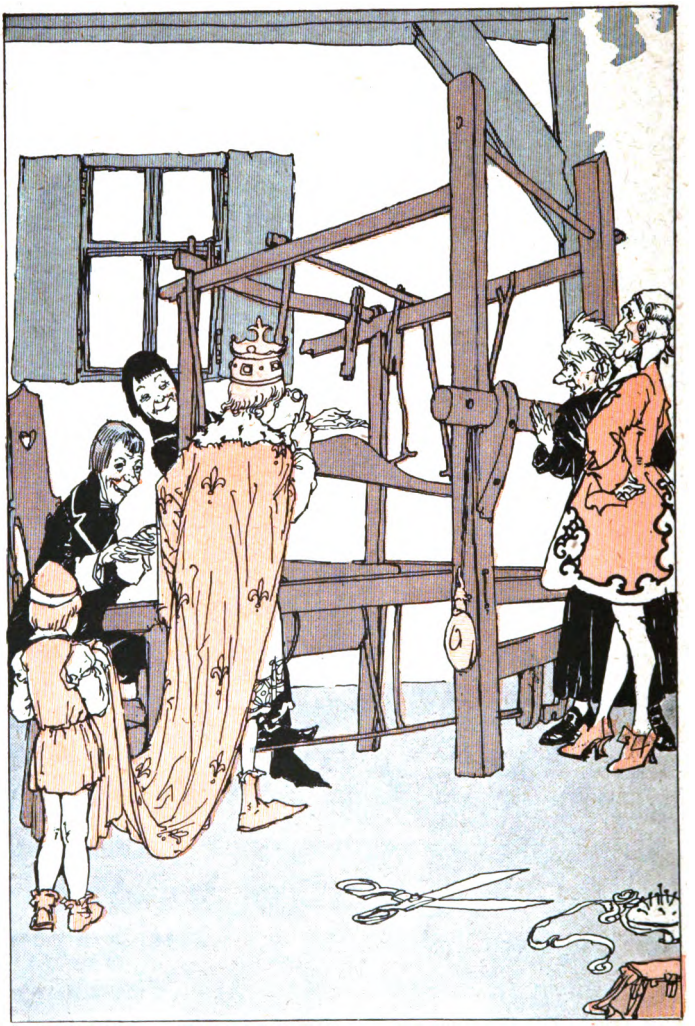
"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your majesty admire the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought the others could see the cloth.

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "I can see nothing at all! This is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be an emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is very pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our highest praise." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any

more than the rest; but, like the emperor they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers. The two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."



(184) THEY PRAISE THE BEAUTIFUL CLOTH.

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your imperial majesty please condescend to take off your robe?" said the rogues; "then we will put on your new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The emperor took off his robe, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your majesty in the procession!" announced the master of ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he looked at his new robes with great interest.

The two chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped down with their heads toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle;

then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one said, "How wonderful are the emperor's new clothes! how they fit! what a train he has to his mantle!" No one would let it appear that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has no robes on!" said a little child.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he *has* no robes on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the emperor, for it seemed to him they were right; but he thought to himself, "I must go on with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher; and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train that did not exist at all.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

announced (an nounst′)
cavaliers (kav′a lērz′): men of noble rank
chamberlains (chām′ber lins): officers of state, like the ministry
counseled (koun′seld): advised
enchanting (en chant′ing): very pleasing
excellent (ek′sel lent)
garment (gar′ment)
gorgeous (gor′jus): rich and bright
imperial (im pē′ri al)
innocent (in′no sent)
interest (in′ter est)
mantle (man′t'l)
minister (min′is ter): a man who helps the king to rule the state (not a preacher)
peculiar (pe kūl′yer): strange
preferred (pre ferd′): wished
pretended (pre tend′ed): made believe
procession (pro sesh′un)
remark (re mark′): observe, notice
success (suk ses′)
suite (swēt)
your majesty (maj′es tў): a form of address used in speaking to a king
whispered (hwis′perd)

Helps to Study

1. In what was the emperor most interested? 2. How did the two rogues decide to take advantage of him? 3. What kept their trick from being found out?

4. Why did the king, and the ministers, and the people all keep quiet and pretend? 5. Who first spoke out what he really thought? 6. Then what happened? 7. What do you suppose became of the two rogues? 8. When people pretend, they are often ridiculous. Do you know the fable of "The Ass in the Lion's Skin"?

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

Andersen is here telling quite a different story from the last one. He saw much bitter suffering among the poor, and must often have thought of how unequal things are in the world, and how hard such suffering is for children.

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They had belonged to her mother, and were very large, so large, indeed, that the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to escape the carriages. One of the slippers she could not find. A boy seized upon the other and ran away with it. So the little girl went on, her little naked feet blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them

in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, looking the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders.

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a fine smell of roast goose in the air, and she remembered that it was New Year's Eve. In a corner, between two houses, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, and the wind howled through it, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen. Ah! perhaps a burning match might do some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall just

to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burned! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! It seemed so beautifully warm that she stretched out her feet as if to warm them. But then the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the half-burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell, the wall became as thin as a veil, and she could see into a room of the house. The table was covered with a snowy-white tablecloth, on which stood splendid dishes, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained

nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautiful than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of lights were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show windows, looked down upon it all. The little girl stretched out her hand toward them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul is going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet kind

SHIVERING WITH COLD AND HUNGER.

and loving, in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "O take me with you! I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother appeared more beautiful than ever. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upward in brightness and joy, far above the earth, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain.

In the dawn of the morning there lay the poor little girl, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall. She had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year; and the New Year's sun rose and shone upon her! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burned. "She tried to warm herself," said someone. But no one imagined what beautiful things

she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New Year's day.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

appearance (ap pēr′ans)
apron (a′prun)
frozen (fro′zn)
glorious (glo′ri us)
misery (miz′er ў)
ornament (or′na ment)
polished (pol′isht)
shoulders (shōl′derz)
slippers (slip′perz)
veil (vāl)
waddle (wod′dl)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What things show how very poor the Little Match-Girl was? 2. Why did she not go home? 3. What did she see when she lighted the first match? 4. What picture did the second match give her? 5. What did the third bring? 6. How can you tell that these pictures are *visions*, that they are not real? People who are suffering from cold, hunger, or thirst often do have such visions. 7. What is the ending of the story?

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they had never stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. BUNNER.

china (chī'na)
closet (kloz'et)
clothespress (klōthz'pres')
cupboard (kub'berd)
twisted (twist'ed)
wrinkled (rin'k'ld)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this poem through, and tell why it is called "One, Two, Three." 2. What were the little boy and the old lady playing? 3. How were they playing it? 4. Why didn't they play the game in a regular way? 5. Where did she hide? 6. How old was the boy? How old was the grandmother? 7. What make-believe games have you played?

FIVE PEAS IN ONE POD

I

There were five peas in one shell: they were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green; and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew; they fitted in as well as they could, sitting all in a row. The sun shone without, and warmed the husk, and the rain made it bright and clear. It was mild and pleasant in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be; and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by sitting so long. It seems to me there must be something outside—I have a kind of feeling of it."

As the weeks went by, the peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world is turning yellow," said they; and they had a right to say it.

Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through human hands, and glided down into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that is just what they were waiting for.

"I should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest of the five. "Yes, now it will soon be seen."

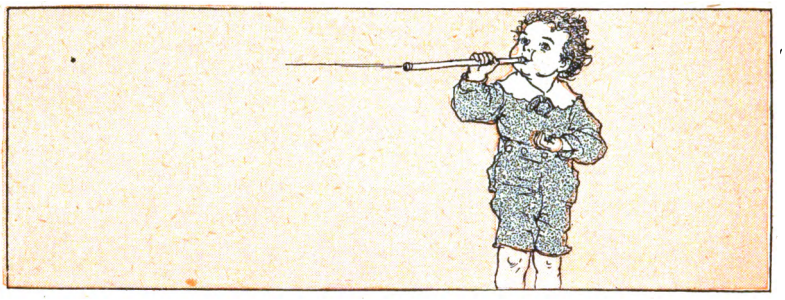
"What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea shooter; and he put one in directly and shot it out.

"Now, I'm flying out into the wide world. Catch me if you can!" And he was gone.

"I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we arrive," said the two next, "but we shall roll on all the same."



And they did roll and tumble down on the ground before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," said the last, as he was shot forth out of the pea shooter; and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled up with moss and soft mold; and the moss closed around him. There he lay a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by nature.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

clutching (kluch′ing)
exactly (egz akt′lў)
jacket (jak′et)
pocket (pok′et)
prisoners (priz′n ers)
thoughtful (thôt′ful)

II

Within, in the little garret, lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop kindling wood small, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and industrious too. But she always remained poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, a half-grown girl, who was very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I have had only the two children, and it was not an easy thing to provide for both, but the good God provided for one of them by taking her home to himself. Now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain apart, and my sick girl will go to her sister in heaven."

But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long, while her mother went to earn money out of doors. It was spring, and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and

pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor; and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

"What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the mother stepped to the window, and half opened it. "Oh!" said she, "on my word, that is a little pea which has taken root here, and is putting out its little leaves. How can it have got into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

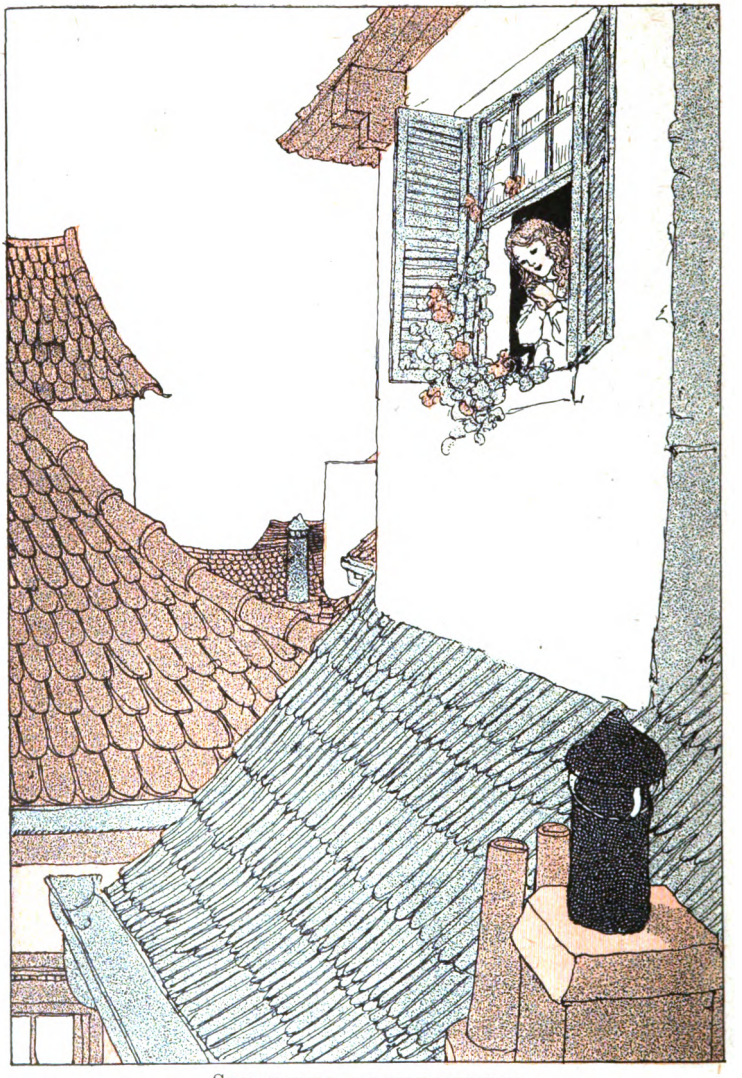
"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in so warm upon me to-day. The little pea is growing finely, and I shall grow stronger too, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it," said the mother, though she did not believe it would be so; but she took care to prop with a little stick the green plant which had given her daughter the pleasant thoughts of life, so

that it might not be broken by the wind. She tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something around which it could twine, when it shot up; and it did shoot up, indeed — one could see how it grew every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman, one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her sick daughter would recover. She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she had risen up in bed of her own accord, and had sat upright, looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew. A week afterward the invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine. The window was opened, and outside before it stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and caused it to prosper, to be a joy to you,



SHE SMILED AT THE FLOWER.

and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a pigeon's crop; the two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by pigeons, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and there he lay in dirty water for weeks and weeks, and swelled enormously. "How beautifully fat I'm growing!" said the pea. "I shall burst at last, and I don't think any pea can do more than that. I'm the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell."

And the sink said he was right.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked Heaven for it.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

blossom (blos′sum)
blown (blōn): in bloom
delicate (del′i kāt): tender, weak
enormously (e nor′mus lў): far beyond what is usual
festival (fes′ti val): a holiday, time of gladness
gleaming (glēm′ing): shining
invalid (in′va lid): a sick person
health (helth)
industrious (in dus′tri us)
pleasantly (plez′ant lў)
provided (prō vīd′ed)
remained (re mānd′)

Helps to Study

Cherish the hope means to let oneself hope, to keep hoping. **Of her own accord**: without being helped or urged.

1. How did the peas get out into the world? 2. What did they all want to do? 3. What became of them? 4. Which had the best fortune? 5. What did it become? 6. What good did it do?

SWEET PEAS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

John Keats.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

It was beautiful summer time in the country; the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows. The sunshine fell warmly on an old house surrounded by deep canals. From the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being seen. The spot was as wild as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She had been sitting on her eggs a long time, and had few visitors; for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock leaves and gossiping with her.

At last the eggs began to crack. "Tchick! tchick!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another peeped forth. "Quack! quack!" said the duck, and all got up as well as they could. They peeped about from under the

green leaves; and, as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It extends far beyond the other side of the garden to the pastor's field, but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up. "No, not all; the largest egg is still unbroken. How long will this last? I am so weary of it!" And then she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

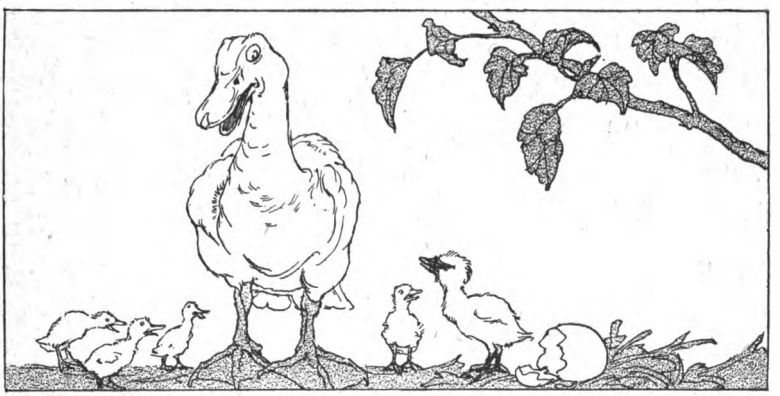
"This one egg will not break," said the mother, "but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "Ah, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, for the young ones were afraid of the water. I called and scolded, but I could not get them in. Let

me see the egg — ah, yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I have been sitting so long, that I may as well sit on it a little longer," said the duck.

"Oh, well, it is no business of mine," said the old duck, and away she waddled.



The great egg burst at last. "Tchick! tchick!" said the little one, and out it tumbled — but, oh, how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. "That is a great, strong creature," said she; "none of the others are at all like it. Can it be a young turkey? Well, we shall soon find

out. It must go into the water, though I push it in myself."

account (ak kount′)
burdock (bur′dok): a coarse weed, with very large leaves
canals (ka nalz′)
cheated (chēt′ed)
extends (eks tendz′)
gossiping (gos′sip-ing)
prettiest (prit′ti est)
surrounded (sur round′ed)
turkey (tur′kȳ)

II

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves, when the mother duck with all her family went down to the canal. Plump she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner. Their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly, gray one.

"No! it is not a turkey," said the old duck. "Only see how prettily it moves its legs! How upright it holds itself! It is my own child. It is also really very pretty, when one looks more

closely at it. Quack! quack! Now come with me, I will take you into the world, and introduce you in the duckyard; but keep close to me, or some one may tread on you; and beware of the cat."

When they came into the duckyard, there was a horrid noise. Two families were quarreling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, was fond of eels.

"Now use your legs," said she, "keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most noted of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her appearance and manners. Look, she has a red rag on her leg! That is considered very handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inward. A well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so — look! now bow your necks, and say 'quack.'"

They did as they were told. But the other ducks looked at them, and said aloud: "Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already. How ugly that one is." And one of the ducks flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother; "he is doing no one any harm."

"Yes, but he is so large and so strange looking, and therefore he shall be teased."

"Those are fine children that our good mother has," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; it ought to be hatched over again."

"That cannot be, please your Highness," said the mother. "Certainly he is not handsome; but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. He will grow like the others in good time. He stayed too long in the eggshell; that is what made him different." And she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. "I think he will be very strong;

therefore it does not matter so much. He will fight his way through."

"The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you may bring it to me."

But the poor little duckling who had come last out of its eggshell and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens.

"It is so large!" said they all. And the turkey cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an emperor, puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do. He was quite distressed because he was so ugly, and because he was the jest of the poultry yard.

So passed the first day, and afterward matters grew worse and worse every day. The poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, "The cat catch you, you nasty creature!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him.

brood (brōōd)
distinction (dis tink′shun): honor
distressed (dis trest′): unhappy
educated (ed′u-kā ted)
fancied (fan′sid)
handsome (han′sum)
introduce (in′trō dus′)
jest (jĕst): a joke
poultry (pōl′trў): any kind of fowl raised for food, as chickens, ducks, and so on
passion (pash′un)
scarcely (skârs′lў)
scorned (skôrnd)
secured (se kūrd′)
scratched (skracht)
tread (tred)

III

At last the duckling ran away. He was frightened and tired, but on he ran. Finally he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night, tired and comfortless. In the morning the wild ducks perceived their new companion. "Pray, who are you?" asked they; and our little duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible.

"You are really very ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that does not matter to us, provided you do not marry into our families." Poor thing! he only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor.

There he lay for two whole days. On the third

day there came two wild geese who had not been long out of their eggshells, which accounted for their rudeness.

"Listen," said they, "you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'hiss, hiss.' You are truly in luck, ugly as you are."

Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese lay dead among the reeds. The water became red with blood. Bang! a gun went off again; then the whole flock of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed.

There was a grand hunting party. The hunters lay hidden all around. Some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist, the hounds splashed about in the mud, and the reeds and rushes bent in all directions. How frightened the poor little duck was! He turned his head, thinking to hide it under his

wings, and in a moment a most terrible-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and splash, splash! he was gone,—gone without hurting him.

"Well! let me be thankful," sighed he. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, shot following shot.

The noise did not stop till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir. He waited several hours before he looked around him, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some trouble in getting along.

comfortless (kum′fert les)
continued (kon tin′ūd)
families (fam′ĭ liz)
meadows (med′ōz)
moor (mo͞or): wide, open land
permission (per mish′un)
splashed (splasht)
stretched (strecht)
tongue (tung)

IV

Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut. The wind blew very hard, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail, in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then saw that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so crooked that he could creep through the opening into the room.

In this room lived an old woman, with her cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Short-legs." She laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning the new guest was seen; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking round. However, her eyes were not good, so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a

capital catch," said she. "I shall now have duck's eggs."

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they thought themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but this the hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? Can you purr?"

"No."

"Well, then, you should have no opinion when sensible persons are speaking."

So the duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humor. However, he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong wish to swim again, that he could not help telling it to the hen.

"What ails you?" said the hen. "Have you nothing to do but to brood over these fancies? Either lay eggs or purr, and then you will forget them."

"But it is so fine to swim!" said the duckling; "so fine when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom!"

"Well, that is a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen. "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat — he is the most sensible animal I know — whether he would like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman — there is no one in the world wiser than she. Do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in having the waters close over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling. "I think I shall go out into the wide world again."

"Well, go," answered the hen.

So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath; but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness.

capital (kap'i tal)
crooked (krook'ed)
cuckoo (kook'o͞o)
emit (e mit')
guest (gest)
opinion (o pin'yun)
plunged (plunjd)
sensible (sen'si b'l)
wretched (rech'ed)

V

The autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, and the wind caught them and danced them about. The air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked, — the poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable!

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a flock of large, beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their feathers were of a dazzling white, and they had long, slender necks. They were swans. They uttered a strange cry, spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange. He turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel, strained his

neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry that it almost frightened himself. Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds! those happy birds! When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again he was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither they were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He envied them not, and it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself. He would have been quite contented if the ducks in the duckyards had but endured his company, poor, ugly duckling.

And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing. Every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so that the crust of ice crackled, and the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely. At last, wearied out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a man who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife.

He now revived. The children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room. The good woman screamed and clapped her hands; and he flew into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked!

The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs. The children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open. He jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow, and lay there as in a dream.

barrel (băr′rel)
croak (krōk): to make a harsh, hoarse noise
endured (en dūrd′)
envied (en′vid)
mill wheel: a wheel turned by water to supply power to the mill
raven (rāv′n)
slender (slen′der)
strained (strānd)
terror (ter′rer)
uttered (ut′terd)

VI

But it would be too sad to tell all the trouble that he was obliged to suffer during the winter. He was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warm again, the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned.

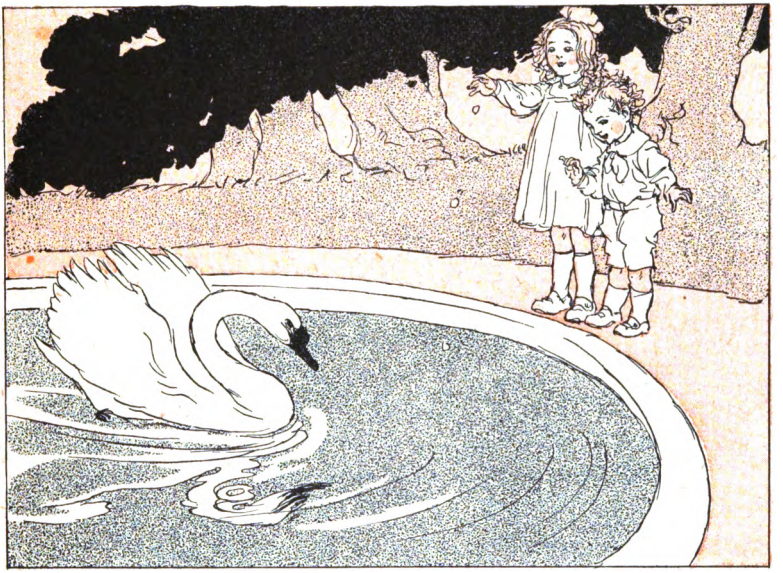
Once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forward quickly; and, before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple trees stood in full bloom. Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They spread out their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The duckling knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange sadness.

"I will fly to them, those kingly birds!" said he. "They will kill me, because I am so ugly; but it matters not. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!"

He flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful creatures. They saw him and swam forward to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor animal, and he bowed his head low, expecting death. But what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, gray bird — it was that of a swan.

It matters not to have been born in a duck yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

Some little children were running about in the garden. They threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan come!" and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They called to their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He scarcely knew what to do, he was



so happy; but still he was not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

He remembered how he had been persecuted, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The trees bent down their branches toward him low into the water, and the sun shone warm and bright. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, "How little did I

dream of so much happiness when I was only the ugly duckling!"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ashamed (a shāmd′)
aware (a wâr′)
persecuted (per′se kūt′ed): badly treated for no just cause

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The expression "ugly duckling" was made famous by Andersen. What does it mean? 2. Describe the yard in which the duckling was hatched. 3. What did his mother think of him? 4. What training did she give him? 5. How was he treated in the poultry yard? 6. Why did he run away? 7. What happened to him on the moor? 8. Tell about his life in the old woman's cabin. 9. How did the cat and the hen treat him? 10. What shows that they thought their own way of doing things was the best? 11. What sort of winter did the duckling have? 12. Why did he feel so "strange" when he saw the swans? 13. Where did he go when the spring came? 14. What did he find in the garden? 15. How was he treated? 16. What did he find himself to be? 17. Look at the third paragraph from the end, and see whether it explains the whole story. 18. There are six divisions in this story. Can you think of a suitable title for each?

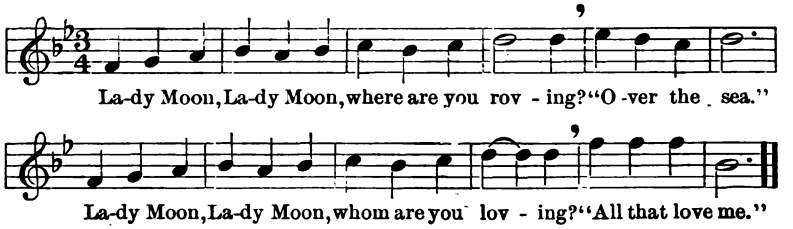
LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

LORD HOUGHTON.

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the moon is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late at night, when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, was hiding one day in a little hut that lay deep in the forest. He was all alone, and much discouraged. He had been fighting many battles with the enemies of Scotland, and had lost every battle. His soldiers had been killed or else driven to take refuge in the mountains, as the king himself was now doing. He was hungry and homeless, but there was nothing to eat and no place of shelter but a mean hut.

"There is no use in trying to free Scotland now," thought the king. "Our enemies are too strong. I might as well give up the struggle."

Just then he saw a spider that was trying to spin a web between two rafters. She would fasten one end of her thread to a rafter, and then swing herself across to the other rafter. She seemed to find this very hard, for each time the thread broke, and the spider would have to begin all over again.

Bruce sat watching her, and wondered how long she would keep trying before she gave up. Six

times the spider tried to fasten her thread, and six times she failed.

"You are a brave and patient spider," thought the king. "You do not give up as soon as I do. I will watch you try the seventh time, and, if you succeed, I too will risk my seventh battle."

Once more the spider swung her tiny thread to the opposite rafter, and this time it held fast.

"You have taught me a lesson, little spider," said Bruce. "I will gather my army and try once more to drive away the enemies of Scotland."

So the king stood again at the head of his army, and fought as he had never fought before. This time he won the battle, and made his country free.

discouraged (dis-kur'ājd)
enemies (en'e-miz)
fasten (fas'n)
rafter (raft'er)
refuge (ref'uj)
struggle (strug'gl)

Helps to Study

Robert Bruce, one of the heroes of Scotland, and later its king, lived about six hundred years ago. Tell how Bruce learned new patience and courage.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

Many years ago, when the people of England were fighting with the Danes, they had a hard time to defend their country from these savage enemies. With King Alfred, their leader, at their head, they fought many battles with the Danes, but they could not succeed in driving the enemy out of England. Before long King Alfred had to flee for his life, and he wandered homeless and alone through the wild parts of his country.

One day he happened to come upon a poor cowherd's hut, and he begged the man and his wife to give him shelter. It was now winter, and the king had no place to eat or sleep; so he was very glad when the cowherd told him that he might stay in the hut all winter.

The king was not idle during the long months that he stayed in the hut, but he did much hunting and spent many hours making arrows. These he hoped some day to use against his enemies.

One morning he sat by the fire while the goodwife kneaded oaten cakes for their simple dinner.

Just before she put the cakes in the fire, she remembered that the calves had not been fed; so she turned to the king and said, "Here, you lazy fellow, why should you not bake the cakes while I tend to my calves? It is better for you to do something useful than to sit all day making arrows which no one uses."

"I will watch the cakes," said Alfred, and he put down his arrow. "Now, mind you, they must be watched very carefully or they will burn," said the dame, as she hurried out of the hut.

The king sat close to the fire so that he might not let the cakes burn; but soon he began to think about the hated Danes, and his scattered army, and his own hard fate, and of course he forgot all about the cakes. Suddenly the goodwife rushed into the hut crying: "My cakes are burned, my cakes are burned! I can smell them burning." Then she turned angrily to the king and said, "Be off with you, you good-for-nothing fellow. You have let the cakes burn black." Just as she said these words a knock was heard at the door, and a man entered. He looked strangely at the old woman,

but when he saw the king he knelt before him and told him the joyful news he had brought. There had been a great battle in which the English had beaten the Danes, and they were now only waiting for their king to lead them to further victory.

You can imagine the surprise and dismay of the goodwife when she learned that the lazy fellow whom she had ordered out of her house was Alfred, King of England.

Alfred did succeed in driving the Danes out of his country, but though he became a famous king and hero, I am sure he never forgot how he had burned the oaten cakes.

calves (kavz)
cowherd (kou′herd)
kneaded (nēd′ed)
savage (sav′āj)

Helps to Study

King Alfred, called Alfred the Great, died over a thousand years ago. This is a famous story, showing that even the greatest men do not do everything well.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minnie-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water;

HIAWATHA AND NOKOMIS.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow;
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried, in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Gitche-Gumee (Git'chē-Gu'mee)
Hiawatha (Hē'a-wa'tha)
Nokomis (No-ko'mis)
Minnie-wawa (Min'ne-wa'wa)
Mudway-aushka (Mūd-way-aush'ka)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Hiawatha was the hero of one of the Indian tribes. 2. In what kind of place did he live? What lullaby did Nokomis sing to him? 3. What things did she teach him about the moon? About the rainbow? 4. What did he learn about the birds and beasts? 5. The "Death-dance of the Spirits" was the northern lights. 6. What is the broad, white road in heaven?

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

Many years ago there lived in Holland a little boy, who did a brave deed. His name was Peter. His father was a sluicer; that is, a man whose work it was to watch the sluices, or gates, in the dikes. He had to open and close these gates for the ships to pass out of the canals into the sea.

Even the little children were taught that the dikes must be watched every moment, and that a hole no longer than your little finger was a very dangerous thing.

One lovely afternoon in the early fall, when Peter was eight years old, his mother called him from his play. "Come, Peter," she said, "I wish you to go across the dike and take these cakes to your friend, the blind man. If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before it is dark."

The little boy was glad to go on such an errand, and started off with a light heart. He stayed with the poor blind man a little while to tell

him about his walk along the dike; of the sun and the flowers and the ships far out at sea. Then he remembered his mother's wish that he should return before dark, and bidding his friend "Good-by," he set out for home.

As he walked beside the canal, he noticed how the rains had swollen the waters, and how they beat against the side of the dike, and he thought of his father's gates.

"I am glad they are so strong," he said to himself. "If they gave way what would become of us? These pretty fields would be covered with water. Father always calls them the 'angry waters.' I suppose he thinks they are angry at him for keeping them out so long."

As he walked along he sometimes stopped to pick the pretty blue flowers beside the road, or to listen to the rabbits' soft tread as they rustled through the grass. But oftener he thought of his visit to the poor blind man who had so few pleasures and was always so glad to have a visitor.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting, and that it was growing dark. "Mother will be

watching for me," he thought, and he began to run toward home.

Just then he heard a noise. It was the sound of trickling water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, through which a tiny stream was flowing.

Any child in Holland is frightened at the thought of a leak in the dike.

Peter understood the danger at once. If the water ran through a little hole it would soon make a larger one, and the whole country would be flooded. Throwing away his flowers, he climbed down the side of the dike, thrust his finger into the tiny hole, and stopped the water. "Oho!" he said to himself. "The angry waters must stay back now. I can keep them back with my finger. Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but it soon grew dark and cold. The little fellow shouted and screamed. "Come here! come here!" he called. But no one heard him; no one came to help him.

It grew still colder, and his arm ached, and

began to grow stiff and numb. He shouted again, "Will no one come? Mother! Mother!"

But his mother had looked anxiously along the dike road many times since sunset for her little boy, and now she had closed and locked the cottage door, thinking that Peter was spending the night with his blind friend, and that she would scold him in the morning for staying away from home without her permission.

Peter tried to whistle, but his teeth chattered with the cold. He thought of his brother and sister in their warm beds, and of his dear father

and mother. "I must not let them be drowned," he thought. "I must stay here until some one comes, if I have to stay all night."

The moon and stars looked down on the child crouching on a stone beside the dike. His head was bent, and his eyes were closed, but he was not asleep, for every now and then he rubbed the hand that was holding back the angry sea.

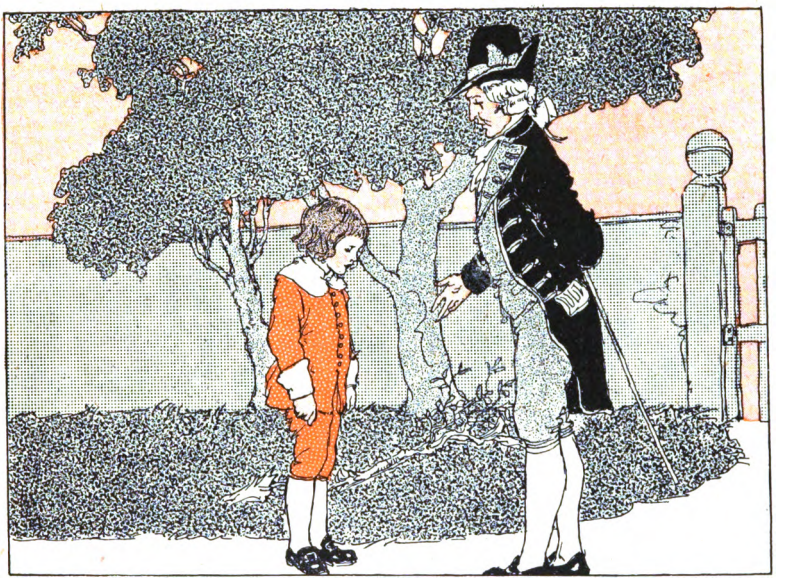
In the early morning, a laborer going to his work thought he heard a groan, as he walked along on the top of the dike. Bending down he saw the child, and called to him: "What is the matter, boy? Are you hurt? Why are you sitting there?"

"I am keeping the water from running in," was the answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quickly."

crouching (krouch'ing)
dangerous (dān'jer us)
sluice (slūs)
swollen (swōl''n)

Helps to Study

1. For what purpose are the dikes of Holland? 2. How did this lad see that the dike was in danger? 3. What did he do?



WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE

Many of our best stories never really happened. But we like to hear them just the same. Here is one invented to remind us that our first president, George Washington, was fearless and truthful.

When George was a small boy, the story goes, his father gave him a fine new hatchet. George was delighted. He tried his new toy on the woodpile and on the fences. Then he thought it would be fine to cut down a tree. So he went into the

orchard, chose a fine young tree, and set to work. The chips flew, and presently the tree fell, bang! George now began to feel a little uneasy.

Soon his father came home. When he went into the orchard he saw lying there the fine young cherry tree which had lately been sent to him from England, and from which he had hoped to gather next year some large, juicy cherries. Of course he was angry. He asked one after another who had done this foolish thing. No one knew. Finally, he sent for George. By this time the boy realized how wrong and thoughtless he had been.

"Do you know, George, who cut down my tree?"

George dared not meet his father's eye, but he managed to say, "I did it, Father; I did not think. But I cannot tell a lie about it."

"I am sorry, my boy. It was my favorite young tree. But I had rather lose all my trees than have you tell a lie or be a coward."

Helps to Study

1. What is this story intended to show? 2. Why do the stores sell toy hatchets on February twenty-second?

AMERICA

This is our national hymn. The tune to which we sing it is the same as that to which the English people sing their national hymn, "God Save the King."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

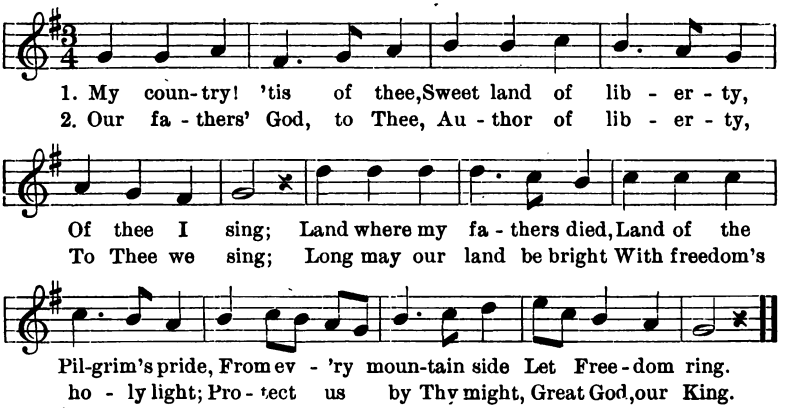
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HELPS TO STUDY

You have probably sung "America" many times, and may not yet have thought of what all the lines mean.

1. What is the first statement in this poem? 2. What does the fourth line mean? The fifth? 3. What are "templed hills"? 4. What do the last two lines of the second stanza mean? 5. In the third stanza, what is to

"ring" "freedom's song"? 6. What does the fourth line of the third stanza mean? 7. In the last stanza who is the "Author of liberty"? What does this mean?

8. If you have come to understand the meaning of this song, you will enjoy singing it more than ever.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let Free-dom ring.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Review Questions

1. Tell how the rogues fooled the emperor about the fine clothes. 2. What was the game in "One, Two, Three"? 3. Which pea, in the story of the "Five Peas," did the most good? 4. Explain the expression "ugly duckling." Tell the story. 5. Recite the poem "Windy Nights." 6. Who was Hiawatha? What did he learn in his childhood? 7. Tell the story of "The Leak in the Dike." 8. Recite "America."

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Many years ago there lived in England a boy whose name was Richard Whittington, but every one called him Dick. Dick's father and mother died when he was a baby, and the woman who took care of him was very poor. Sometimes he had no breakfast or dinner, and he was often glad to get a crust of dry bread.

In spite of this, Dick grew to be a very bright boy. He liked to listen when people were talking, and in this way he learned a great deal.

He often heard the village people speak of London. They had never seen this great city, but they believed that all the streets were paved with gold and silver, that every one there was very rich, and that singing and music could be heard all the day long.

One day a wagon drawn by eight black horses, with bells on their heads, was driven into the little town. Dick saw the wagon standing before the door of the inn, and thought that anything so fine must surely be going to London.

When the driver came out, Dick asked him if he might walk by the side of the wagon. When the man learned that the lad had no father nor mother, and that he was very poor, he told him he might go with him if he wished.

It was a long walk for the little fellow; but at last he came to the great city of London. He was in such a hurry to see the streets paved with gold and silver, that he ran about all day trying to find one.

He had once seen a piece of gold money, and he knew that it would buy a great many things; so he thought that if he could pick up a bit of gold pavement he could buy everything that he wanted.

Poor Dick ran about till he was tired. It began to grow dark, and he had not found a single bit of gold; so he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

In the morning he woke up very hungry, but there was not even a crust of bread for him to eat. He was so hungry that he forgot all about the gold pavements, and thought only of food.

He walked up and down the streets asking every one whom he met to give him a penny, so that he could buy something to eat.

"Go to work and earn one, you lazy boy," said some of them; and others passed by without looking at him.

"I wish I could go to work," thought Dick.

At last he was so hungry and tired that he could go no farther, so he sat down at the door of a large house. The cook, who was busy getting dinner, soon saw him and called out: "What are you doing there, boy? If you don't run away I will throw this dishwater over you. I have some here that is hot enough to make you jump."

Just then the master of the house came home to dinner. When he saw the ragged boy at the door, he said: "What are you doing here, my lad? You seem to be old enough to work; I am afraid that you are a lazy little fellow."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick, "I would be glad to work, but I do not know anybody, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "Come in, and I will see if I can help you."

The kind merchant gave the lad a good dinner, and then told the cook to give him some work.

Dick would have been very happy in this new home if it had not been for the cross cook, who scolded him from morning till night, and often boxed his ears and beat him with the broom.

At last, little Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, heard how he was treated, and she told the cook that she would be sent away if she were not kinder to the lad.

After that he was better treated, but he had another trouble. His bed was in the garret, and at night great numbers of rats and mice came through the holes in the floor and made so much noise that he was not able to sleep.

II

One day a gentleman gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes, and he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next morning he saw a girl who was carrying a cat in her arms.

"I will give you this penny for your cat," he said.

"Very well, you may have her," said the girl, and you will find that she is an excellent mouser."

Dick kept his cat in the garret and gave her a part of his dinner each day. In a short time there was not a rat nor a mouse to trouble him, and he slept soundly every night.

Soon after this, Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He called his servants together and asked them if they had anything to send in the ship for trade.

Every one had something to send but Dick, and as he had neither money nor goods, he stayed in the kitchen.

Little Alice missed him and guessed why he did not come, so she said to her father: "Poor Dick ought to have a chance, too, Papa. I have a little money in my purse. May I not send it for him?"

"No, my child," said the merchant. "Each one must send something of his own."

Then he said to one of the men, "Tell Dick to come here."

When the lad came into the room he said to him, "What are you going to send out on my ship?"

"I have nothing, sir," replied the boy, "nothing but my cat, which I bought for a penny."

"Bring your cat, then, my good boy," said the merchant, "and let her go on the voyage. Perhaps some good may come of it."

Dick went up to the garret, brought down poor puss, and, with tears in his eyes, took her to the captain of the vessel.

Everybody laughed at Dick's odd venture, but Alice felt sorry for the little boy and gave him money to buy another cat.

This act of kindness made the cook jealous of poor Dick, and she was crosser than ever, and made fun of him for sending his cat to sea.

"Do you think the cat will sell for money enough to buy a stick to beat you?" she asked him.

At last Dick could bear her abuse no longer; so he made up his mind to run away. He started early in the morning and walked far out into the

country. There he sat on a stone, which to this day is called "Whittington's Stone."

While he was wondering what he should do next, the bells of Bow Church began to ring. He listened, and they seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London," he said to himself, "I would do almost anything to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach when I am a man! I will go back and think nothing of the fussing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor at last."

So Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the kitchen and set about his work before the cook came downstairs.

III

The ship, with the cat on board, had a long and stormy voyage, and was at last driven to a strange land.

The people of this country had never seen any Englishmen, and they came in great crowds to see the sailors and to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded.

When the captain saw this, he sent some of the most beautiful things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased that he sent for the captain to come to his palace.

When the captain arrived, the king and queen invited him to dine with them. A number of jewelled dishes were brought in and placed on beautiful rugs, which were embroidered with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen seated themselves on soft cushions, and the captain was obliged to do the same.

They had hardly begun to eat, however, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in and helped themselves. The captain was much surprised and asked if they did not find the rats very troublesome.

"Oh, yes," answered the king. "I would give half of my possessions to be freed from them. They not only destroy my dinner, as you see, but they come to my chamber and disturb me in my sleep."

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered little Whittington and his cat; and he told the king that he had a creature on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice.

Now it was the king's turn to be delighted. "Bring this creature to me," he cried, "and if she will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain pretended that he did not wish to part with the cat, and told his majesty that when she was gone the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship; but finally, to oblige him, he consented to bring her to the palace.

"Run, run!" said the queen. "I am in a hurry to see this wonderful creature."

The captain hurried to his vessel, and while he was gone another dinner was prepared. When he returned, the table was covered with rats.

As soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms, and in a few minutes killed many of the rats and mice. The rest fled to their holes in terror.

IV

The king and queen were delighted to get rid of such a plague so easily, and wished to see the creature that had driven them away.

The captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy," and she came running to him. He handed her to the queen, but she was at first afraid to touch such a furry animal. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and said, "Putty, putty," for she could not speak English.

The captain then put the cat on the queen's lap, where she purred and sang herself to sleep.

The king wished to buy the cat at once.

DICK'S CAT HELPS THE KING.

First he bought the whole of the ship's cargo; then he gave the captain ten times as much more for the cat.

The captain took leave of the king and queen, and set sail the next day for England.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just seated himself at his desk, when somebody knocked at the door. "Who's there?" asked the merchant.

"A friend," was the reply. "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*."

The merchant opened the door, and there stood the captain with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading.

He soon told Mr. Fitzwarren the story of the cat, and showed him a rich present which the queen had sent to Dick.

As soon as the merchant heard of this, he called to his servants:

> "Go bring him — we will tell him of his fame;
> Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now proved himself to be a good and honest man; for when some of his servants

said that so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "I would not deprive him of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who was scouring kettles for the cook and was very dirty.

The merchant ordered a chair set for him, and Dick began to think they were making fun of him.

"Do not play tricks with a poor simple boy like me," he said. "Please let me go back to my work."

"We are not joking, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant. "The captain has sold your cat to the king of a foreign land, and has brought you in return more riches than I possess in the world." Mr. Fitzwarren then told the man to open the box of jewels and display the treasure.

Poor Dick was so happy that he did not know what to say. He begged his master to take a part of his wealth, since he owed it all to his kindness.

"No, no," said the merchant. "It is all yours. I have no doubt that you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then little

Alice, to accept part of his treasure, but they would not do so.

The lad was too kind-hearted, however, to keep it all for himself. He gave a present to the captain and sailors, and to each of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even forgetting the cross cook.

After this, the merchant advised him to dress himself like a gentleman, and invited him to live in his house till he could provide one for himself.

Years later, when Richard Whittington had grown to be a man, and was very rich and generous, he was indeed made Lord Mayor of London.

OLD ENGLISH TALE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Tell about Dick's arrival in London. 2. How did he get his cat? 3. What venture did he make with the cat? 4. What did he hear the bells say? 5. Tell how it all came true. 6. Do you know any other story in which an animal brought good fortune to its owner?

PIG AND PEPPER

This is part of a chapter from Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the best nonsense book ever written. Alice falls asleep on a hot summer day, and dreams she has gone down a rabbit-hole, where she has all sorts of ridiculous adventures. The people and animals she meets all do and say the strangest and most absurd things. The author, whose real name was Mr. Charles Luttwidge Dodgson, was a teacher of mathematics in Oxford University. His best friends were children, and they spent many hours in his house, playing games, acting plays, guessing riddles, and hearing good stories. This book and *Through the Looking Glass* are read and enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of people, young and old. Indeed, there are many who think we ought to feel sorry for a person who cannot enjoy the "Alice Books," as they are commonly called.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other; the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that

soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze were

the cook and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped. But she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her; so she took courage, and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess, "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess, "and that's a fact."

Then she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

CHORUS

(*in which the cook and the baby joined*):

"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so that Alice could hardly hear the words:

"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty,

as it was a queer-shaped little creature and held out its arms and legs in all directions. Then she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice. "That's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind

now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any farther.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing a Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

From LEWIS CARROLL'S *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

alternately (al ter′nāt lў)
anxiously (ank′shus lў)
cauldron (kôl′drun): a kettle
creature (krē′chūr)
direction (dĭ rek′shun)
lullaby (lul′a bў)
seriously (sē′rĭ us lў)
timidly (tim′id lў)
violence (vī′o lens)

Helps to Study

1. How do you like the lullaby the Duchess sings? 2. Think of the other two lullabies you have read in this book. 3. What kind of temper did the Duchess have? Could you say she was "peppery"? 4. How did they treat the baby? 5. What did Alice do with it? 6. What became of it? 7. How do you think Alice felt when it turned into a pig? 8. What was it that Alice said about babies and pigs?

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table, —
At least as far as he is able.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A LIST OF SYNONYMS

KEY TO PRONUNCIATIONS, AS GIVEN IN THE TEXT

The diacritical marks employed are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

An unmarked vowel is a slighted short vowel, usually unaccented.

ā as in fate	ĕ as in met	ō as in hole	ū as in pure
ă as in fat	ē as in her	ŏ as in hot	ŭ as in but
â as in fare	ī as in bite	ô as in lost	u̱ as in pull
ä as in father	ĭ as in bit	or, as in fall	ȳ as in my
ē as in me	n̲ as in bank	o͞o as in room	y̆ as in story

accepted: received (p. 167)
actually: really, truly (p. 17)
alternately: every other one (p. 270)
amazement: great surprise (p. 75)
announce: to tell (p. 187)
anxious: worried (p. 75)
appearance: looks (p. 194)
appoint: to set (p. 167)
approve: to like (p. 181)
arrival: coming (p. 75)
astonishment: surprise (p. 158)
attempted: tried (p. 18)
awakened: roused (p. 18)
barren: deserted, empty (p. 167)
bestowed: given (p. 127)
blossom: flower, bloom (p. 206)
borne: carried (p. 160)
canals: big ditches (p. 210)
capital: principal city (p. 220)
cauldron: a kettle (p. 270)
cavaliers: noblemen (p. 181)
chamberlain: officer of the king (p. 187)
charmed: pleased, delighted (p. 75)
company: assembly, gathering (p. 115)
complained: found fault (p. 17)
concealed: hid, secreted (p. 170)
considerable: a good deal (p. 17)
continued: kept on (p. 216)
cosily: comfortably (p. 18)
council: body of advisers (p. 181)
coursers: horses (p. 144)
creature: being, animal (p. 270)
crystal: clear, like glass (p. 13)
dangerous: unsafe (p. 244)
daring: bold, brave (p. 65)
decide: make up one's mind (p. 25)
declared: said, stated (p. 82)
delicate: fine (p. 82)
delight: pleasure (p. 28)
descended: came down (p. 170)
desert: a bare country (p. 167)
desirous: wishing for (p. 127)
despair: loss of hope (p. 25)
determined: decided upon (p. 75)
diligently: with great care (p. 127)
disagreeable: unpleasant (p. 70)
discovered: found out (p. 230)
disguise: false appearance (p. 173)
dismount: get down (p. 31)
disputing: arguing (p. 25)
distressed: sad, troubled (p. 214)
disturbed: troubled (p. 41)
dungeon: prison (p. 170)
educated: taught, trained (p. 214)
elegant: very fine (p. 53)
emit: throw out (p. 220)
enchanted: delighted (p. 173)
encircled: surrounded (p. 144)
endure: to bear (p. 222)
enemies: foes (p. 37)
enormously: very much (p. 206)
excellent: very fine (p. 187)
extend: to stretch out (p. 210)
extravagance: wastefulness (p. 163)
fancied: imagined (p. 214)

fare: food (p. 45)
finished: ended (p. 120)
frightened: scared, alarmed (p. 34)
garment: a piece of clothing (p. 187)
generous: kind, liberal (p. 167)
gleaming: glowing (p. 206)
glittering: shining brightly (p. 28)
gorgeous: very bright, brilliant (p. 187)
grudge: envy (p. 18)
honest: trustworthy (p. 181)
ignorance: lack of knowledge (p. 160)
immediately: at once, right away (p. 70)
innocent: sinless, childlike (p. 187)
intended: meant (p. 41)
invalid: a sick person (p. 206)
invisible: not seen (p. 181)
jealous: envious (p. 70)
jest: a joke (p. 214)
lodging: a place to sleep (p. 181)
loom: a frame for weaving cloth (p. 181)
lullaby: a sleep-time song (p. 84)
luster: brightness (p. 144)
mansion: a fine house (p. 170)
mantle: a cloak (p. 187)
miniature: small, minute (p. 144)
miserable: sad, unhappy (p. 70)
misery: suffering (p. 194)
misfortune: bad luck (p. 131)
modest: shy, not boastful (p. 127)
moment: minute (p. 48)
morsel: small bit (p. 20)
mysterious: strange (p. 75)
notion: idea (p. 175)
obstacle: hindrance (p. 144)
occurred: happened (p. 28)
ornament: decoration (p. 195)
passion: strong feeling (p. 214)
pattern: a model (p. 181)
peculiar: queer, unusual (p. 187)
permission: leave (p. 216)
persecuted: treated badly (p. 226)
pleasantly: agreeably (p. 206)
pleasure: delight, enjoyment (p. 65)
plenty: enough (p. 154)
polite: well-bred (p. 45)
porridge: oatmeal (p. 138)
possessed: owned (p. 163)
preferred: liked better (p. 187)
pretended: made believe (p. 75)
prisoners: captives (p. 200).
procession: parade (p. 187)
produced: brought forth (p. 173)
prompted: suggested (p. 167)
provided: got ready (p. 206)
quality: kind (p. 181)
rascal: scamp, rogue (p. 31)
reason: cause (p. 120)
refuge: retreat, safety (p. 230)
regarded: looked upon (p. 25)
remained: stayed (p. 206)
remark: say, observe (p. 187)
respect: honor (p. 31)
retire: go away, withdraw (p. 25)
roam: to wander (p. 34)
rogue: rascal, scamp (p. 154)
savage: uncivilized, rough (p. 233)
scamper: to hurry (p. 37)
scarcely: hardly (p. 82)
secured: made safe (p. 214)
sensible: wise (p. 220)
seriously: earnestly (p. 270)
shelter: protection (p. 46)
slender: thin (p. 222)
slumber: sleep (p. 18)
sparkled: glistened (p. 96)
splendor: brightness (p. 131)
steady: firm (p. 22)
stream: brook, river (p. 21)
struggle: strife (p. 31)
stupid: dull (p. 31)
supposed: thought (p. 163)
surly: cross, ill-tempered (p. 138)
surpass: excel, beat (p. 48)
tarnished: soiled, dimmed (p. 144)
terror: fear (p. 222)
thoughtful: careful (p. 200)
timidly: fearfully (p. 270)
twinkling: flashing (p. 13)
twirl: to whirl around (p. 146)
united: bound together (p. 33)
uttered: spoken (p. 222)
valuable: costly (p. 173)
violence: roughness (p. 270)
wealthy: rich, prosperous (p. 170)
wicked: bad, evil (p. 58)
wonderful: strange (p. 13)
wretched: unhappy (p. 220)

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